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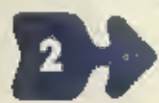
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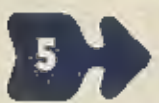


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VERY POOR
POOR
GOOD
VERY GOOD
EXCELLENT
NOT FAMILIAR
WITH EMIGRE

How would you rate *Emigre* overall as a company? ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
How would you rate the customer service? ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
How would you rate the quality of our products? ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Your occupation. Check 1:

- ☐ Graphic Designer
☐ Art Director
☐ Graphic Design Student
☐ Illustrator
☐ Photographer
☐ Educator
☐ Web designer
☐ Multimedia designer
☐ Other:

Which operating system do you use?:

- ☐ Mac System 6
☐ Mac System 7
☐ Mac System 7.5 or higher
☐ Windows 3.1
☐ Windows 95
☐ Windows NT
☐ Other:

Your company's activities. Check 1:

- ☐ Design
☐ Advertising
☐ Service Bureau
☐ Printing/PrePress
☐ Interactive CD Rom design
☐ Web design
☐ Educational
☐ Other:

Which programs do you use most?:

- ☐ QuarkXPress
☐ PageMaker
☐ Illustrator
☐ FreeHand
☐ Macromedia Director
☐ Fontographer
☐ Photoshop
☐ SiteMill
☐ Fusion
☐ Other:

Do you have Internet access?

If so what speed?:

- ☐ Not connected
☐ 2400 - 14400 baud
☐ 28800 - 33600 baud
☐ 56K or higher

Which design magazines do you read regularly?:

- ☐ Eye
☐ Print
☐ How
☐ U&C
☐ I.D.
☐ Step by Step
☐ Graphis
☐ Publish
☐ Adobe
☐ AIGA Journal
☐ Critique
☐ CA
☐ Other:

Highest level of education:

- ☐ Self taught
☐ Undergraduate
☐ Masters
☐ Ph.D.
☐ Other:

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- ☐ Display
☐ Text

☐ Classical
☐ Contemporary

☐ Don't use fonts

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- ☐ AIGA
☐ ACD
☐ ATYPI
☐ Other:

Your gender:

- ☐ Female
☐ Male

Your age:

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☐ 19-29
☐ 30-39
☐ 40-49
☐ 50-59
☐ 60-69
☐ 70 and over

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Fanzines and the Culture of DIY



TYPEFACES USED THROUGHOUT THIS ISSUE

Running heads set in 7 point Base Monospace Narrow Bold.
Masthead info set in 6/11 point Base-9 Bold.
Table of Content set in 24, 10 and 7 point Base Monospace Narrow Bold.
Folios set in 12 point Base-12 Sans Bold.
Running article heads set in 12 point Sabbath Black Heavy
Dear *Emigre* letters set in 7/9 point Base Monospace Wide Bold and Italic.
Feature articles set in 10/11 point Base Monospace Narrow Bold & Italic.
Headlines set in 24 point Base Monospace Narrow Bold.
Subheads set in 12 point Base Monospace Narrow Bold and Italic.
Captions set in 6/8 point Base-9 Bold and Italic.
Footnotes set in 5/8 Base-9 Regular, Bold and Italic.
All typefaces designed by Suzana Licko, except Sabbath Black Heavy,
designed by Miles Newlyn. Available from Emigre Fonts.

Fanzines and the Culture of DIY: Spring 1998

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Dear Emigre,

I'm responding to the cover letter of Rudy VanderLans in Emigre #45.

Because current trends in design have been labeled as a countermovement, people fail to realize that the countermovement has become the status quo. They continue to rehash and re-produce, thinking they are moving design forward, all the while spinning in a vicious circle.

Paul Lee, Internet

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THROUGHOUT

INTRODUCTION

Fanzines and the Culture of DIY

A fanzine, according to *Factsheet 5*, is "a small, handmade amateur publication done purely out of passion, rarely making a profit or breaking even."* I've always considered *Emigre* as a fanzine - after all, we're amateur editors, we're self-published, we're passionate about our topic - however, we are rarely recognized as such. The reason why we don't qualify, I imagine, is not because we actually do make a profit (I assume that "rarely making a profit" is a symptom of fanzine publishing rather than a goal), but because we are professionally designed. A well designed fanzine is an oxymoron. In their deep-rooted mistrust of anything resembling professionalism or corporate culture, zinesters take pride in their sloppy, amateur layouts. In his article "The Lay of the Land: Portrait of the Zinester as a Social Statistic," Mathieu O'Neil puts it this way: "A raw look is an essential part of the zine persona..." he writes. "You wouldn't want everyone liking what you like, would you? That happens to be one function of sloppy layouts: to keep the mainstream reader out and therefore protect the rarity of underground culture."*

Of course, in their effort to define both themselves and their audience, the fanzine creed hardly differs from that of most mainstream publications. After all, every magazine is published with a specific audience in mind and designed in a style that appeals to that particular audience and, conversely, excludes others. Moreover, the mainstream has long ago figured out how and when to use a "sloppy layout." In this era of revolving-door style changes and high visual literacy, it has become impossible to establish any kind of visual coding that will remain exclusive to a single source.

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Introduction

joyful new issues by old friends.

Baby, I Dig You

all the travel writing in zines these days, good stories are a dime a dozen. Everybody seems to be talking about their latest crazy adventure or journey to an exotic, undiscovered place. What sets the travel stories of *Emigre* apart from the rest is that at heart they are less about travel and more about life. This issue kicks off with Sara's great tale of driving through the Grand Canyon. It seems that everyone has written or at least read one of these stories. Like so much fun, I couldn't help but be a teensy bit jealous. I didn't that she stopped at all the wacky, kitschy roadside attractions all the way across the canyon.

Cover
Prohibi
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end.

So what's so special about fanzines? Fanzines offer us something unique and valuable not just because they subvert mass commercial and corporate culture and all that, but because they offer us a look at what happens when people are left to their own devices without the constant nagging concern of business interests and overly moralistic considerations - it is the result of pure, individual, obsessive, uncompromised, DIY creativity and ingenuity. And, since they are usually not overshadowed by the razzle-dazzle of star designers or the egos of famous columnists, what the fanzines bring to the fore is authentic, uncorrupted and often very original content.

We thought it might be inspirational to take a look at fanzines, how they are able to perpetuate the DIY ethic, their significance in today's society, and what influence they have on mainstream design and publishing in general. Teal Triggs gives us an insightful and considered history of the British fanzine, while Bill Gubbins, magazine man extraordinaire, in a "modestly hysterical digression," gives us his take on their US counterpart. Also, Emigre's very own sales diva, fanzine junkie, and one-time Punk rock drummer, Ella Cross, picks her favorite zines, and Daniel X. O'Neil delivers nothing less than a glimpse of the future of fanzines, which looks much better than you think, as long as you really think. And from the horse's mouth comes the only true fanzine story in this issue, the inside story of *Heckler*, a zine gone big time and back, sort of, as told by co-publisher and DIY design man John Baccigaluppi. Besides fanzines, we also look at some graphic designers who, like fanzine publishers, have taken publishing into their own hands. OrangeFlux, a two-person company in Chicago, would like us to consider design as the end-all product. Their self-produced project *Rust Belt* is analogous to an indie band releasing its own record. From its format (the project is packaged like a vinyl record), to the way they are promoting and distributing it, *Rust Belt* thumbs its nose at both the designer/client relationship as well as the conventions of graphic design's function. And we look at two recent projects by Thirst - the first issue of their self-published magazine [****], and *The Good Life*, an artist publication made possible by the Friends of Gilbert Paper. While the latter isn't exactly self-published, it is self-initiated and completely authored by Thirst. So, considering the content of this issue, we couldn't resist commenting on it. Of course, we didn't want to deny our own creative impulses, particularly when confronted with Thirst's phantasmagoric output. So the review of these two projects, written by Denise Gonzales Crisp, is not your run-of-the-mill treatise.

It is the issues of self-determination and the quest for control over the creation, manufacture, and distribution of creative products (which ultimately translates into control over one's life), that always draws me to other independently produced magazines and self-initiated design projects.

There are currently at least two design programs I am aware of that have shaped their curriculum to include courses

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Introduction

Dear Emigre,

Thanks for number 45. Two areas in the issue hit a nerve, the first being your intro. Part of me feels baited because I damned well know you intended to elicit reaction. But the other part says "Hey, it's fair...it works and I like it." So here's mine.

Upon reading your comment "the cutting edge is dead," I'm thinking to myself, "no shit." There has never been a more apparent gap between practical and academic thought in graphic design in our short history - at least in the popular design press. The academic ivory tower seems bent on the meaning of form, while practice seems bent on the marketability of form. Both are vital pursuits, but both share a common tick: they seem mired in a one-sided conversation: "Me, me, me." It's fascinating how often users/readers are absent from the critical picture.

Thoughtful, innovative connections between theory, practice and where all this stuff would be pretty intriguing.

Who knows, but those kinds of connections are much more interesting to me than a discussion of the lineage/legacy of subtle connections between sans serif, serif, image, materials and content, whatever the context. I think several of your readers could agree that Lorraine Wild has hardly been overlooked or dissed by the academic design press, especially within a critical framework of typographic exploration.

While I can appreciate the value of examining careful craft in book design for culturally significant museum exhibitions in the United States, how many people are we really talking about here? I personally challenge the relevance of book design projects (often won on spec) by and for an elite few, to designers who, for instance, have to deal with a soft goods manufacturer's seasonal dealer catalog. But then again, maybe it's not a fair comparison because the manufacturer doesn't really live in the same "cultural milieu" as the museum curator. Call me a crank, but it bugs me.

How long are we going to have to wait until our design clique decides to tackle some problems that are relevant to consumers other than ourselves? How long do we have to endure form for form's sake, writing for writing's sake, and thinking for thinking's sake in our profession? Maybe nobody cares, and to some degree I can appreciate that. But let's not be hypocritical here. In some respects, *Emigre* isn't altogether that different from *Print*, or *HOW*. They all move within some fairly homogeneous circles with very distinct edges, and all have hefty promotional value to both sender and receiver.

Overall, I do agree with your assessment of the condition of design today. There seems to be an inordinate focus on form. Have you ever seen so many cottage industry "awards annuals" in your life?

dealing with the issue of the designer as producer/entrepreneur. They are the graduate program that Steven Heller developed at the School for the Visual Arts in New York, and J. Abbott Miller and Ellen Lupton's newly created design program at the Maryland Institute College of Art in Baltimore. These might be precursors of things to come, as graphic designers are starting to look beyond solving other people's "problems."

On to some other topics, and some that fanzine publishers and DIY'ers can sympathize with, I'm sure. It is the age-old maxim, that in order for a business to sustain itself it needs to grow, both in size and output. We believe otherwise. While our reputation steadily expands, Emigre has remained small - we are still a six person company and we feel confident that we can continue operating this way for a long time to come and contribute something useful to the world we live in.

While there have been many opportunities to expand, we have always resisted the urge. We could have hired additional designers, as the exposure we have received over the years continues to attract clients eager to hire our "services," but we haven't worked for an outside client for over eight years, preferring to create and distribute our own products. We could have released many more typefaces, since, on the average, we receive two or three submissions each week, but we have decided to concentrate on promoting our existing typeface library and to be ever more selective about the fonts we do release in today's oversaturated typeface market. There are several reasons why we want to keep things small, besides the simple fact that we want to keep things manageable. One of them is to keep expenses under control. Releasing a new typeface is a costly undertaking, as is the publication of *Emigre* magazine. Constantly increasing the print run of the magazine and releasing new fonts just for the sake of newness would be a risky undertaking, since there is no guarantee that there are sufficient takers for these products. Also, we have to strongly believe in the worth and value of our designs beyond their ability to return a profit - and such stuff doesn't always materialize on cue. Plus, concentrating on fewer releases allows us to better control their quality and how they are distributed. And there's one other reason for wanting to remain small that always plays in the back of our minds; our concern for waste. Over the past 10 years or so, we have seen our mailing list grow with leaps and bounds from 1,000 in 1986 to 10,000 in 1991 to over 50,000 currently. This mailing list is our lifeline, but reaching this many people requires a lot of printed materials, which translates into high cost and, more worrisome, many dead trees.

As graphic designers, we actively contribute to the chopping down of trees and the creation of waste. And while it's difficult to work around this reality and find alternatives to printed work, we do have choices to lessen the damage.

Everyone seems to be so hellbent on talking about or cashing in on the form of form. Maybe all I'm hoping for is a broader interest in the relationship between reader and maker.

We could ask some more questions, outside of the box. For instance, are readers/users moved to do or think something - ANYTHING - by design? And if we make beautiful, meaningful, useful things, will they contribute to a slightly richer experience for people? Or, (here comes the hopelessly naive, optimistic part) what would happen if we introduced more critical thinking/communication course work into K-12 and beyond? Would that help people become more critical consumers? Do they even want to be? Do WE really want them to be?

Oh, and one more thing. Maybe we could just be designers (in an italic face, even), as opposed to information architects, visual libertarians, conspicuous cultural critics; or *Introduction*—designers. Just designer. Kind of plain, but maybe a little less fussy. Michael Shea, Portland, OR

At Emigre we are doing two things to keep waste to a minimum while sustaining a healthy business. One is our decision to not increase our circulation, the other is to switch to using recycled paper or, to be more specific, a paper with a higher post-consumer waste content than we used before. Ever since we switched to web printing to keep printing cost down, we have printed our magazine on a paper that is casually referred to by the paper company as "recycled." The truth is, only 10% of that paper comes from post-consumer waste, the remaining 90% comes mostly from chopped down trees. To call it recycled paper is a bit misleading, but since there are few regulations in the US that restrict such claims, everybody milks it the best they can.

The text paper you hold in your hand now, is 60% recycled, 30% post-consumer waste, while the paper used for the cover is 100% recycled, containing 50% post-consumer waste. Although some trees are still being cut down, it's a big step in the right direction for us, and we plan to use a 100% recycled text paper, 50% of which is post-consumer waste, with the next issue (the paper is currently being tested).

It was not easy to get to this point. Everything works against you as a publisher. Recycled paper is more expensive than the paper we have used previously, it is of a slightly lesser quality, it needs to be ordered in quantities expressed in truckloads, 40,000 pounds or more, and our printer was more than a little skeptical about printing on it, concerned about who would take responsibility for any damage to equipment or "press down time" due to paper problems. In short, as a publisher you take many risks and pay dearly to save trees, water and electricity.

But none of this takes away from the proud feeling that we derive from doing the right thing for the environment. All we ask from you, the reader, is to do your part. If you continue to receive our mailings but really have no need for them, or if you are receiving duplicate mailings, please let us know. *Emigre* is read by many design students and it's an audience we enjoy reaching, but students move frequently and often do not inform us of their new addresses. We receive thousands of returns after each mailing because people haven't sent us their change of address. As we strive to keep our mailing list under control, we will continue to delete inactive people from our list as new ones are added. If you would like to receive *Emigre* magazine for free (US only), but have not yet completed the subscription form - see the inside of the wrapper of this magazine, or on-line at www.emigre.com/ussub - be sure to do so.

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Introduction

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◆ Dead Trees Review ◆

The Little Magazine Long on Reading

July '97. This simple zine features short, informative book reviews on a range of works. In this issue, *The Scapegoat Generation: America's War*

E i o n

"Zine publishers possess a discrete set of characteristics that make them model capitalists for the next century."

CALORIE COUNT

Zine Publishers and Ideal Economic Strategies for the Next Capitalist Century

The zine publishing movement is one of the *bona fide* bust-out cultural movements of the 1990s. Though American zines trace their roots back to the mimeographed sci-fi publications of the 1940s, the current mix of personal, non-traditional sex, fringe political, Punk music, Jesus freak religious, sicko comix, conspiracy theorist, and work-is-hell zines has grown to huge proportions. And huge proportion in 1990s America of course means inevitable co-optation by corporate America. Many trees have been chopped down in the service of the Great Sellout Debate. The arguments usually go like this:

On the zine side:

Zine publishers are the last of the True Believers in a world full of fakes and sell-outs. They toil over their little zines, keeping it real and not bowing down before The Man. They design their publications in a graphic attempt to deflect the attention of mass media and frat-boy coolies looking for street cred. The content is often obscure and disturbing for the same cocoonish reasons. When the media calls to research their Lifestyle-section trend pieces, they either lie outright or hang up the phone. They don't accept advertising from sell-out record companies or corporate b.s. artists. Happiness is achieved by staying small, allowing only the select few cool people into their thumb-nosing club.

On the sell-out side:

Zine publishers labor in lonely obscurity for years. When the dominant culture arrives in the form of advertising execs, *New York Times* interviewers, and book company reps, they should jump at the chance to do what they want and get paid for it. The prevailing rationale for this group is that if they can have some effect on the dominant culture by making it more aware of the joys of thrift store shopping or liberal politics or whatever their own particular interest happens to be, then they will be proud to "work from the inside" to boldly change **The System**.

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Calorie Count by Daniel X. O'Neil

BLOSSOMED #2, May '97. Much of this is Desha's reaction to her four years of high school. She shares her impressions of her favorite along with the most hated instructors she has known. Then she takes a brief look at racism, flirting, and the difficult decision she had to make when she realized she was pregnant. Price: 2 stars. Merristown Area High School 1000 Ring Rd.

Fat!So?*For people who don't apologize for their size*

#6. San Francisco is truly a fat-lover's paradise—two great zines about being perfectly lovely and large are produced here, *Fat Girl*, and *Fat!So?* The latter concentrates on changing our society's image of the fat person and empowering ourselves. This is the "Marilyn Wann taking on diff" issue, with editor "Bertha Stewart: Fat Livin'" and your life more Foxworthy.

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A good handle on the Great Sellout Debate can be had by reading back issues of *Factsheet 5*, the zine review magazine out of San Francisco that serves as the guidebook of the zine movement. A select bibliography of recently published scholarly tomes and sell-out zine books is printed at the end of this essay.

But the Great Sellout Debate, like most arguments producing more heat than light, focuses on a wrong-headed dynamic — the movement of people from the zine underground to the dominant culture and the co-optation of the zine underground by the dominant culture. The debate presupposes that there are static worlds of the real and the fake — the underground contains zines called *Murder Is Fun* and the dominant culture beams out William Burroughs posing in Nike ads. But these arguments are based on a Founding Fallacy that the two worlds are separated to begin with. Real life is not so tidy.

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Caloric Count

I say that zine publishers are the primary examples of a new category of capitalist, purveyors of a unique form of capitalist individualism that will thrive in the next century of American-style "free"-market democracy. This scenario is much more chaotic than the simple movement between underground and dominant cultures. The world economy is so all-inclusive that it embraces both good and evil. No one can do good, like clothe themselves and feed their children, w/o bowing down before the presence of evil. I mean no one — not factory workers at cigarette plants and not zine publishers who smoke the ciggies that drive up health care costs for everyone. Anyone who pours ketchup out of a bottle and thinks they are untouchable is fooling themselves. Every single economic activity is a portion of the overall economy with potentially good and evil effects. And everything in 1998 America is an economic activity.

The fundamental fact to begin with is that everyone, from publishers of nipple-piercing zines to Mail Boxes Etc. franchisees, needs to eat food in order to live. Almost as important as food is a modicum of self-worth to impel oneself out of bed every day. So obtaining enough calories for one's self and one's family while performing economic activities that don't promote self-loathing is the state of grace that most people are looking for.

The truth is that zine publishers have independently developed, in some Darwinian unconsciousness, a unique set of traits that will be very useful for success in the economy of the next century. The next century will house a world in which the dominant culture will function much more like the zine world than the zine world will adapt to fit the dominant culture. A world in which zines aren't just considered a minor league development zone for the dominant culture. A world in which the dominant culture is redefined to include a zillion customized worlds.

Zine publishers possess a discrete set of characteristics that make them model capitalists for the next century: rejection of dominant media, truly independent ownership, appropriation of existing content, small-cell distribution of

highly specialized products, and a de-emphasis on privacy and decorum.

MANAGING THE 15-MINUTE MEDIA BEAST

The true believers of zine publishing refuse to cooperate with the dominant media. Generally, zine publishers' main imperative is to provide content missing from the dominant media. Their mission is in direct opposition to the crap machine of daily media. And they don't usually look kindly on the media's attempt to contact them and shine light on their scene. Of course this endlessly perplexes the reporters and TV crews who come knocking to bag a story. They're used to the populace knocking down babies and grandmothers just to get a chance to wave at the red light on the top of a camera. But zine publishers are on to something that I am convinced will be a commonly accepted notion in the next century: The media cycle does nothing but build and destroy. That which it builds it destroys. If one critic raves about you, another will howl at you. If you end up in the news too long, they'll devise survey questions that are designed to produce unfavorable results, like "Are you tired of hearing about the Nanny Trial?" after 167 straight hours of Nanny Trial coverage.

When Andy Warhol made his statement about 15 minutes of fame, he presented it almost as a victimless crime, with no moral component whatsoever. But if you examine the 15 minutes cliché you see how quaint and misguided it is. The media beast swoops up new subjects every 15 minutes, chews them up, and digests them. The beast strips the goodness from each individual and turns it into nutrients in the form of ratings and commercial time. Then the beast passes a stool every quarter hour and searches for more.

James Cameron, director of *Titanic*, stood up in front of the TV world at the Oscars and proclaimed that he was in fact "King of the World." More like flavor of the month. His 15 minutes may have lasted longer than most, but eventually a towering prince like *Lost In Space* comes along to whop off the head of the king. Working outside of the mainstream promotion/destruction system, the zine publisher is not slined by this bilious system.

DE-CONSOLIDATION AND INDIVIDUAL OWNERSHIP

Having your own business is one of the great American orgasms, right along with home ownership. Of course most "home owners" actually own a mortgage, not a home. A mortgage is just the right to pay a bank basically double what your house is worth over the course of 30 years or so. That's the kind of double-speak that passes itself off every day as the Holy Grail of American life.

Owning a business is often the same thing. Pick up a magazine like *Franchising Today*. You'll see straight-faced exultations to "work for yourself" by paying a \$15-80,000 up-front fee for the right to open up a business that sells

Dear Emigre,

Have you seen the price of some design publications these days?! Seven or eight dollars. Some are eighteen dollars; others are even more!! Most prices of design magazines are out of a design student's reach. Sure, I can go to the school library and hope that the new issue is there - but there is just something about owning that magazine for your very own, being pleasantly excited when it shows up in your mailbox and reading it in the comfort of your own home.

I recently discovered your magazine and understand that selling advertising space allows for these free subscriptions. I have read that this recent addition of advertising in *Emigre* has caused criticism. However, if it gives me and other design students exposure to cutting-edge design, thoughtful design criticism, and allows us a chance to add to the beginnings of our design libraries, without spending a dime, then so be it.

Calvin Conn

In fact, add all the advertising you want! Especially when it is just as wonderful and thought provoking as *Emigre* itself. For example, Elliot Peter Earls' Apollo Program.

Thank you very much for my free subscription! It is very nice to finally be able to afford a well written and insightful design magazine.

Andrew Steinbrecher, student, University of Cincinnati, OH

and/published/CWB)

◆ Geezuz Mag ◆

These parodies of Biblical passages show much more creativity than the run of the mill zine blasphemy. Rot has rewritten and updated many of the most popular stories to make them more accessible to the TV generation. One

Race Traitor***Treason To Whiteness is Loyalty to Humanity***

#7, Spring '97. Depicting the white race as an artificial (and relatively recent) concept, Race Traitor seeks to abolish white privilege for a more equitable society. This issue provides some excellent historical essays to back up their claims of race awareness. Loren Goldner looks at the period of the Enlightenment and how racial distinctions were made before the concept even existed, while the superiority in early Virginia was the folks had qu

burgers made with the same recipe that tens of thousands of other people "working for themselves" are making all over the world. Sure. Work for yourself, but wipe your mouth with my napkins, wash your floor with my mops, put my name on the sign out in front, and oh, by the way, cough up 9% of gross sales every month or we'll cancel your ass.

Zine publishers don't have to pay royalties to anyone. They publish to please themselves. They write about what interests them, reprint what tickles them, and never have to answer to the front office. They are the front office. They can print as often or as infrequently as they like, and they don't have to go into deficit spending to get their zine printed. They may have layout conventions - layered texts and photos, saddle-stitching, etc., but those are driven more by an inward aesthetic and production limitations than by any sense of conformity. And unlike the grossly misnamed "independent labels" of the music industry that are wholly-owned subsidiaries of multinational corporations, zine publishers usually control all aspects of the manufacture and distribution processes.

Despite, or maybe because of, the global trend toward corporate consolidation, an explosion of this type of individualistic capitalism seems inevitable. The World Wide Web is a great leveler of the business climate. Big companies might be able to spend more money on a web site, but any decent webmaster can get his or her hands on the exact same features like animation, sound, video, and so on. No matter how much money you throw at a web site, as of now you can still only view one web page at a time. Any small-time operation can compete.

9

Calorie Count

STEAL THIS MEANS OF PRODUCTION

Most of the capitalist world gets pretty uptight about private ownership of intellectual property. Companies like Walt Disney pay millions of dollars a year to lawyers who pump out "cease and desist" letters to mom and pop stores who put a picture of a mouse up in their windows.

But again, the internet is piercing a hole in the old way of doing things. You can find fan-run web sites devoted to pop TV shows like *Seinfeld* and *Friends*, where people compose entire new episodes using the proprietary characters of the NBC series. Web-surfing is built for theft. Any time you see some content you like - whether it's a newspaper story or a chat room transcript - quicker than you can say "Apple-A/ Apple C/ Apple V," you've captured the content and placed it on your hard drive. No payment, no problem.

The zine world had been working with looser standards of re-appropriation long before the advent of the three Ws. Casual flouting of copyright law is a badge of honor to zine publishers. The ethic amongst themselves is that you can reprint whatever you want, as long as you attribute the source, including address.

PMS

Post Modern Sluts

#8. This special issue deals with rape and abuse and includes the wrenching stories of over a dozen contributors, many of them men. Each story is surrounded by unique circumstances and there are so many I want to draw attention to. Chris writes about what it's like to have sex forced upon him by an older woman. She said that if he didn't go along with sex, she would tell everyone that he had raped her. Monique's story is about a woman who was raped by a man who was 15 years old.

b.
of
sic

THE CODE OF THE SMALL

The incredible variety of zines is a perfect example of supermarket America. There is literally something for everyone. Nothing is revered more in a capitalist economy than choice. People demand a wide variety of toilet paper and breakfast cereal. There's fragrant and unscented. Nice colors and dye-free. Single rolls and Economy Packs. Sugary and wheat. Purple and heart-shaped.

It's the same thing with zines. You've got right-wing paramilitary tracts and anarchist cookbooks. Jewish culture zines and Armageddon warning leaflets. Racist zines and love zines. Zine publishers think nothing of bailing on their zine about Barbie dolls and starting a zine about travel to Asia. The ability to switch gears quickly is one of the central skills of the new economy.

Another valuable service in the economy of the next century is the ability to deliver customized goods and services quickly. Zine publishers have the goods on that count.

10

Caloric Count

PRIVACY IS NOT A VIRTUE

Americans have a strange psychosis about privacy that is on its way out as far as I'm concerned. Bill Clinton has the various locations of his penis broadcast *ad infinitum* and no one cares. Cash machine computers, highway toll-collecting transponders, and traffic video cameras constantly track our location and make life easier. The American public seems to be perfectly willing to trade privacy for convenience.

The Perzine, or personal zine, is a chatty/confessional type of zine whose only subject is the zine publisher. A great example is *Pathetic Life*, a zine started by a guy in California after his girlfriend dumped him because he was too fat and watched too much TV. Almost every zine starts with a personal note from the publisher that reveals a lot of personal details.

So, again, zine publishers are up ahead of the curve on the cultural/capitalist continuum, primed to make a living with the traits they've developed on the economy's fringes. No more sell-out. The world economy is sliding up next to them, individualists who can stay that way and still find enough to eat.

END

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Edited by Thomas Frank and Matte Wetland
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Scholarly examination of the make up of the zine world. Succeeds in raising "the larger question of whether it is possible to rebel culturally within a consumer society that eats up cultural rebellion."



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"Our writing materials contribute their part to our thinking." - Nietzsche

TYPO-ANARCHY

A New Look at the Fanzine Revolution

SPITTING DISTANCE

I somehow managed to miss the experiences offered by the London Punk scene through an incredibly bad sense of timing. My early visits to Britain took place in spring 1975, just six months before the Sex Pistols played their first gig at St. Martin's Art College in November of that year. And, when I returned to London ten years later, the anarchical nature of Punk had been completely imbibed by British mainstream culture. So much so that by this time Punks, with their bright green and pink mohawks, had become established symbols of British culture (along with the red double-decker buses) and were being used by the Tourist Board on all their promotional materials.

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Typo-Anarchy by Teal Triggs

Back in the US, my early exposure to Punk was as an observer. It was an odd phenomenon glimpsed with art college friends when we made our Friday night visits to the handful of small clubs catering to the varied alternative music scene that flourished along the main drag near the University of Texas in Austin. It was here that I first experienced Punk dancing (the Pogo), spitting (without the tobacco), and fashion (wearing of ripped garments cleverly held together with large safety pins). At the same time, my friends and I had become aware of the presence of Punk bands such as the Clash, Sex Pistols, and Ramones, whose gigs, more often than not, ended up in drunken brawls with local "rednecks." Violence had become an act symbolic of Punk, and the media were quick to sensationalize.

When the Sex Pistols made their way through Texas during 1978, there were a number of incidents that occurred between fans and the band. In a Situationist-inspired provocation, the spectacle became the interaction between the audience and performers, perfectly choreographed with broken beer bottles and bass guitars bashed over audience and band members' heads. At Randy's Rodeo in San Antonio, one cowboy described the Sex Pistols as "sewer rats with guitars." While a few days later, Sid Vicious is reported to have proclaimed at the Longhorn Club in Dallas, "You cowboys are all faggots." Somehow, we viewed the ensuing mayhem as part of Punk gigs and indeed what the audience demanded of its performers. Shock value sold well, and bands like the Sex Pistols were eager to deliver.

In the months that followed, what had originally been seen to be in "opposition" to the mainstream music scene became an integral part of it. The Sex Pistols were, after all, manufactured by entrepreneur Malcolm McLaren and dressed by Britain's would-be Queen of Fashion, Vivienne Westwood. Although I had missed out on the opportunity to meander down the King's Road at the height of Punk, friends living in London described the fact that the press build-up alone caused "us to be attracted and repelled by Punk simultaneously." One writer observed, "At the Sloan Square end of the Road you had rather posh shops but as you got toward Seditonaries it got more seedy."

Like the King's Road, Punk existed in extremes. On the one hand, the Do-It-Yourself (DIY) ethic of Punk encouraged participants to scour the Camden flea market or local Oxfam charity shops for second-hand clothes in order to acquire the "look." Concurrently, shops like Westwood's emerged to provide for those customers who were "aspirational" and more interested in purchasing Punk off the peg. Gary Bushell comments that "Only the mugs or the slumming rich patronized the rip-off boutiques..."

McLaren and Westwood's Seditonaries shop (formerly SEX) was a space filled with erotic images, swastikas, and handwritten texts emblazoned on ripped t-shirts and bondage trousers. Punk developed into a refined aesthetic that celebrated materials and practices viewed as oppositional to convention. McLaren and Westwood's "Punk" was inspired by the ripped-n-torn look found in 1950s pin-up magazines, the safety-pin look of the New York scene, and their previous line of SEXploitation clothing. However, it was through the construction of the garments themselves that dominant notions of beauty, fashion and taste were questioned. Seams appeared on the outside, trouser legs confined movement as they were held together by straps, fabric was intentionally torn, and chains, dog collars, razor blades and safety pins became jewelry.

Graphic design, like the music and fashion of Punk, sought to convey the same anarchical undercurrents in visual terms. On the walls of Punk shops, concert posters of the Damned, the Sex Pistols, Siouxsie and the Banshees and others were interspersed amongst Westwood's clothing. Stickers and other

Dear Emigre,

I have my own answer as to why design is so putrid these days. I think it is not because people are not daring enough with type, but that there is too much type. Too much type, literally.

These days designers are content to convey their entire message with type. I see massive billboards and subway posters with giant letters sprawled across them, alone on a white background. The problem with design today is that there are not enough images — and I don't mean photographs. I am sick to death of photography. And I don't mean illustration. All those American Showcase-like books need to be thrown in the garbage. I mean artistic, interpretative images.

There is not enough art in design. There is not enough paint in design.

Photographers and designers grow rich and fat while artists languish in the art world and this has been to the detriment of both. There needs to be more

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Typo-~~anarchy~~

collaboration between artists and designers. There needs to be more big, old, messy, evocative, powerful images used in conjunction with words. There need to be color decisions made that are based not on Pantone chips, but with pigment. Most designers have forgotten that "graphic" does not only pertain to type. They need to remember that images created by hand reach to the heart of something that photography only skims the surface of.

Sincerely,

Virginia Hoge, Brooklyn, New York

printed ephemera brandished slogans that were meant to incite while the Sex Pistols' latest record blared away on the shop's turntable. *Anarchy in the UK* was to run as both a single and a fanzine and both were on sale and on display in the shop. Punk's initial use of seemingly reckless texts and graphic language was well calculated, and capitalized upon Punk's desire to push the boundaries of acceptable usage. The Seditionaries shop's display, however, may be read as suggestive of what happened to Punk more generally: Westwood's clothes were hung on the wall just out of reach of the average Punk consumer's grasp. The price, similarly, was prohibitive. By the end of 1978, Punk had been commodified and absorbed into the mainstream. Record companies struggled to sign "whatever groups they could find that would not overly threaten their corporate image", while Westwood herself became a symbol of Britain's fashion system. The myth of British Punk was well underway.

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Typo-Anarchy

"KEEP WARM THIS WINTER: MAKE TROUBLE",

Despite this, however, Punk in its original guise managed to carry on with a life of its own. UK Punk belonged to the street and its politics were, in part, born out of Britain's social and economic conditions. During the late 1970s, high

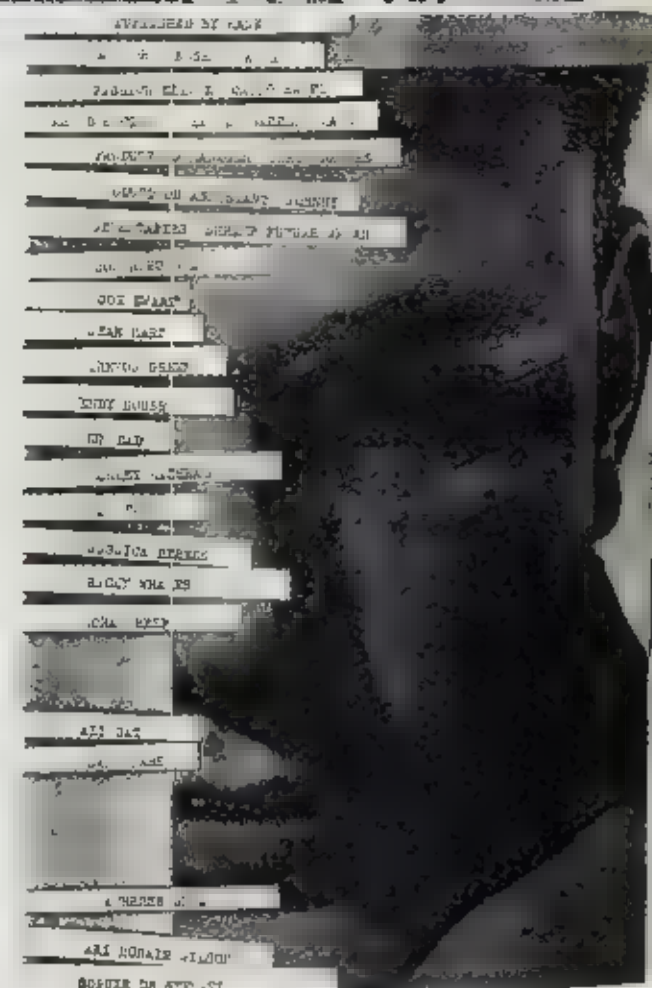
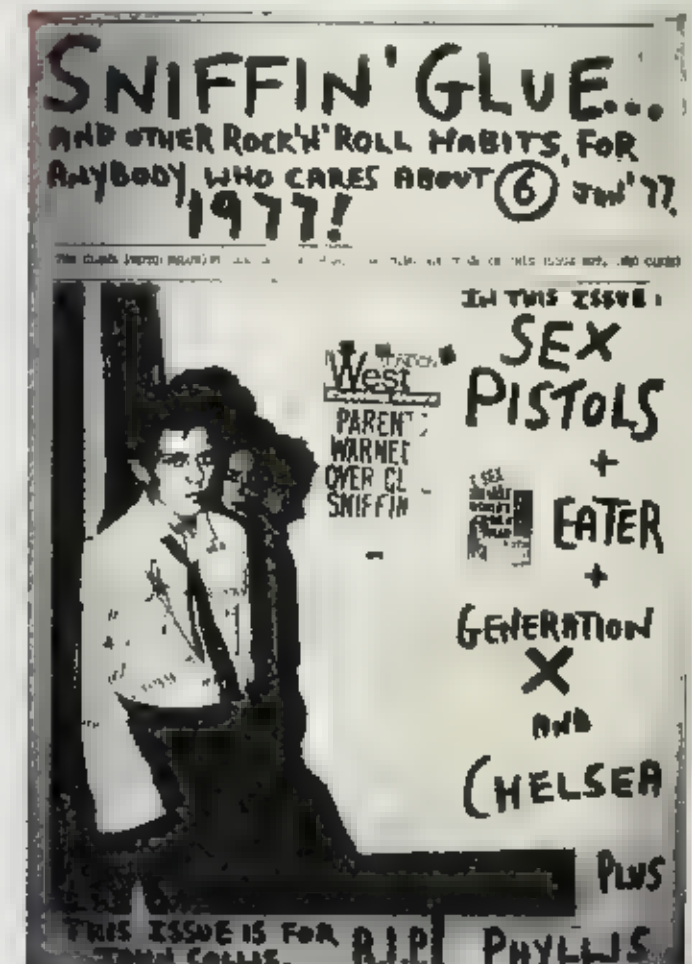
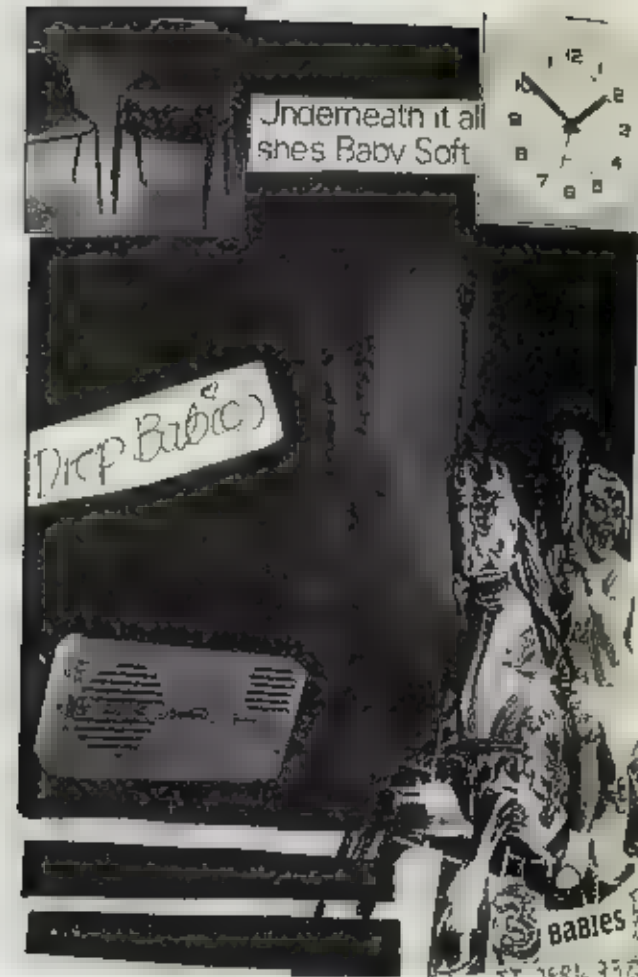
Cover, *Drop Babies*
Brentford, 1993

Cover, *Sniffin' Glue*, Issue 6
London, 1977

Interior page, *Today's Length*, Issue 1
London, 1980

levels of unemployment amongst youth frequently resulted in personal dissatisfaction, boredom and a sense of hopelessness.¹⁰ This state of mind was not overlooked by Punk songs: *There is no future-In England's dreaming...*; *Career opportunities, the ones that never knock*; and *Right to work*.¹¹ The word "punk" itself took on connotations of those youths who were "streetwise, juvenile delinquents."¹² However, not all those involved with Punk were by-products of socioeconomic hardship or espoused a specific political rhetoric. There were a substantial number of Punk bands who along with their followers took Punk on as an "attitude" rather than as part of some theoretical dialectic. This aspect is heightened when drawing comparisons between Punk philosophy in the UK and US. Punk in the US, for example, has been described as evolving out of "the aesthetic of boredom of the middle-class rather than the anger of the stepped-on."¹³

It is also a fact that a number of key proponents of Punk design, such as Barney Bubbles, Linder, Malcolm McLaren, Jamie Reid, and Malcolm Garrett, who had been trained in British art schools, were well steeped in the history of Situationism, Dadaism and artistic rebellion.¹⁴ Nevertheless, the cultural writer and anarchist Stewart Home is quick to



suggest that "What Punk did do was tap into a reservoir of social discontent and create an explosion of anger and energy."¹⁵ It was this explosion that was the most important factor in creating a distinct Punk vocabulary tied together by fashion, music and graphic design.

Early in the history of Punk, notions of independence were promoted that established distance between Punks and the establishment. Bands preferred to sign with smaller, independent record labels giving them more control over the final product. At the same time, Punk supported a growing "DIY" attitude that did not necessarily require "thousands of pounds of equipment," either in the production of its music or in the development of its corollary fashion or graphics.¹⁶ Punk was publicized as "anyone could do it," prompting Sid Vicious to remark, "I don't understand why people think it so difficult to learn to play guitar. You just pick a chord, go twang and you've got music."¹⁷ Writer Stephen Duncombe, also, suggests that the DIY ethic was "a reaction against how the mass media was doing you."¹⁸

Punks were producers of youth culture. Their new found control and independence meant a clean break could be made from the conventions of the old music press. Punk had found its own anarchical voice and in design terms it was primarily through the pages of Punk fanzines where the DIY notion was put into practice. The DIY "three chord wonder" guitar was akin to the fanzine producers' tools of the typewriter and photocopier, plus a similar burning desire to say something to somebody. In 1977, Mark P., creator of the British Punk fanzine *Sniffin' Glue*, reflected on his decision to start a fanzine, "I listened to the Romones record, right, and I just thought it needed to be written about in my own way. I didn't think it was being done justice by the press."¹⁹

Whilst acknowledging existence of the New York fanzine *Punk*, which came out early in 1975, Mark P. stated "I didn't invent fanzines. Fanzines had been around a long time. I just thought 'What about a Punk Rock fanzine?'"²⁰ The history of its predecessors is complex. The original rock-n-roll fanzines permeated the 1960s music culture movement in America. *Crawdaddy* and *Mojo Navigator Rock & Roll News*, for example, were two of the earliest, produced in 1966. In Britain, Brian Hogg's *Bam Balam* (February 1975), began as an early Punk prototype publication with features on The Seeds, The Kinks, Paul Revere and The Raiders, and The Yardbirds. *Sniffin' Glue*, however, is credited by those involved in the Punk scene as the first British Punk fanzine. Founded a few months after *Punk*, *Sniffin' Glue* embraced many of the same visual characteristics adopted by the American fanzine. However, as Trisha Henry has observed, there were differences between British and American fanzines, "The British punk fanzine is rougher, more spartan, and has more of a sense that it was thrown together overnight than its American counterpart."²¹

In between the months of September and November of 1977, over 150 new fanzine titles had been produced and released in America and Britain alone. The rise in popularity may be attributed to the relative ease with which these small,

Dear Emigre,
 Congratulations on a lengthy and
 interesting article on Jack Stauffacher.
 He's a legend among book artists here in
 the City.
 Philip Krayna, Four Eyes Design,
 San Francisco, CA

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Typo-Anarchy

usually A4 format, photocopied publications could be assembled. For the most part, all that was required of a fanzine producer was access to a typewriter, a photocopy machine, scissors, a few felt-tip markers, a bit of imagination and an audience of like-minded individuals. Distribution came through a close network of clubs, independent record stores, by word of mouth or through mail order.

Some aspects of the Punk fanzine graphic style had roots that stretched back to the 1960s. Fanzines were part of a printed tradition founded in the underground and radical press movement of 1960s Britain and France. The typo/graphic imagery employed by students in the Revolts of 1968 (Situationism, Fluxus, and early Dada works) helped to form the rich visual vocabulary indicative of Punk that is still prevalent in fanzines produced today. The language of the fanzine has its more recent antecedents in the 1960s broadsheets of the music and lifestyle press, including *OZ*, *IT* and *Friends*. A number of British designers began their careers in the underground press and also with some the major record labels during this period. Jonathan Goodchild, Richard Adams, Barney Bubbles, Pearce Marchbank, David Wills and illustrator Martin Sharp, are amongst the many who contributed to the development of a specific visual language

Cover, *Stodge*
Oxford, c. 1979/80

Cover, *Mental Children*, Issue 1
London, 1980

Interior page, *Mental Children*, Issue 1
London, 1980

of the "revolution" – whether its graphic symbols were born out of sexual politics, the peace movement or equality issues. In many cases, these broadsheets set out to intentionally employ visual and written "shock tactics" that were vital to draw attention to and reflect political and ideological viewpoints. Sexually explicit imagery, as well as nudity, challenged accepted lifestyle and publishing conventions.

"THIS STORE WELCOMES SHOPLIFTERS"²²

For Punk, the 1960s subversive tradition provided a perfect jumping off point for its visual and verbal rebellion. The naming of fanzines was particularly important and carried through the identity and attitude established in early Punk protocol. Examples of British titles include: *Skum*, *Ripped & Torn*, *White Stuff*, *48 Thrills*, *Situation 33*, *Anarchy in the UK*, *Bondage*, *Flicks*, *Panache*, *Out There*, *Penetration*, *London's Outrage*, and *London's Burning*. These were not the titles of the commercial publishing world.

The language of fanzines was exclusive and as such, "protected" from many of the conventions exercised by the mainstream music press. This provided fanzine editors with

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Typo-Anarchy



wandered on a road, squats than when he had started his
house. Turned into a slum - bought a lamp, but lousy with
with a thin layer of cardboard next to it and a table
can. He read the ingredients: Carbon Dioxide, Fruit Acid
Preservatives, Citrus, Monosodium Glutamate, it took a
bite of the aforementioned hamburger bun. "Oh, fuck
this," he pushed away the plate. Shuffled up a bit of
the door the polypropylene chairs screeching on the
sliding, matted floor tiles. Bedraggled & bedraggled he
entered the street. He heard the rain, the people, "a
rain grey buildings, the dirt on his nose, sweat on
his

the freedom to print whatever they wanted. Jon Savage comments in his book *England's Dreaming*, "Punk fanzines...could say whatever was on their mind, without worrying about censorship, editorial lines, subbing, deadlines-except the deadline of pushing your product into an arena that was still being defined. The result was a new language."²³

Part of this "new language" came from the "plundering" of mainstream media imagery, taboo symbols and use of abusive or bad language. Writer Philip Thompson stated in 1978 that a "new generation of fanzines" has adopted a visual style that "...is gritty, black and white (out of necessity), with a lot of cut-out and collage, further bedeviling the already confused laws of copyright."²⁴ Fanzine covers, such as those created for *Stödge*, stole media imagery without concern for copyright. Additionally, the fanzine deliberately selected photographic images of Hitler and Nazi soldiers and collaged them together with newspaper texts describing "How lucky we are to be living in a democracy," in its attempt to question contemporary social values. On the other hand, *Communique 2* (1980) uses a photocollage of various images of television sets to highlight its concerns with surveillance and BBC television licensing schemes. They warn: "Your money keeps the brainwash machine ticking over."

Interior page, *Punkpopsox*, Issue 2
London, 1997

Cover, *Rebel Rouser*
Bristol, 1977

Back cover, *Communique 2*
Summer, 1980

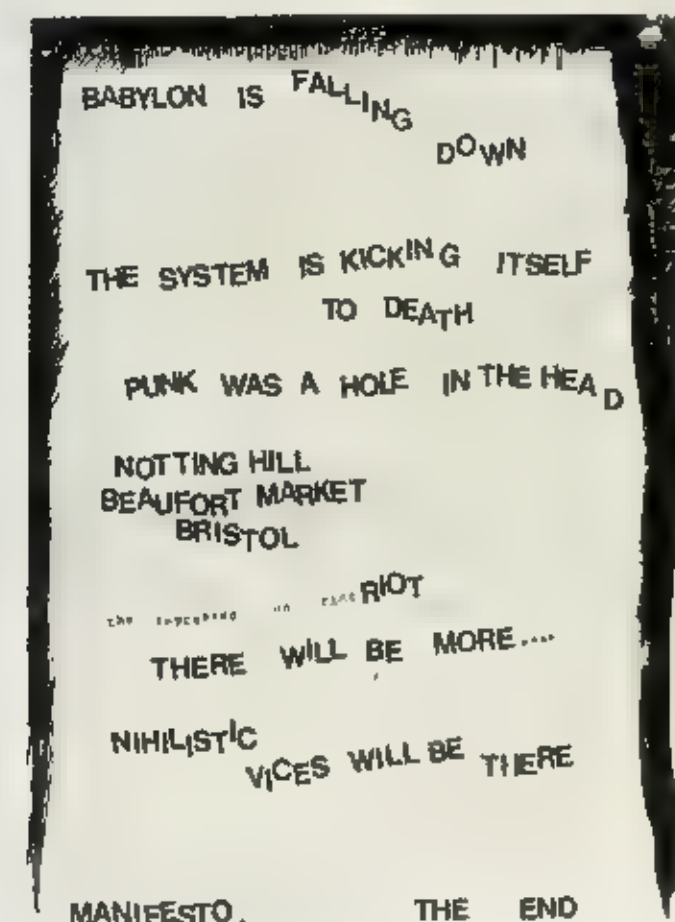
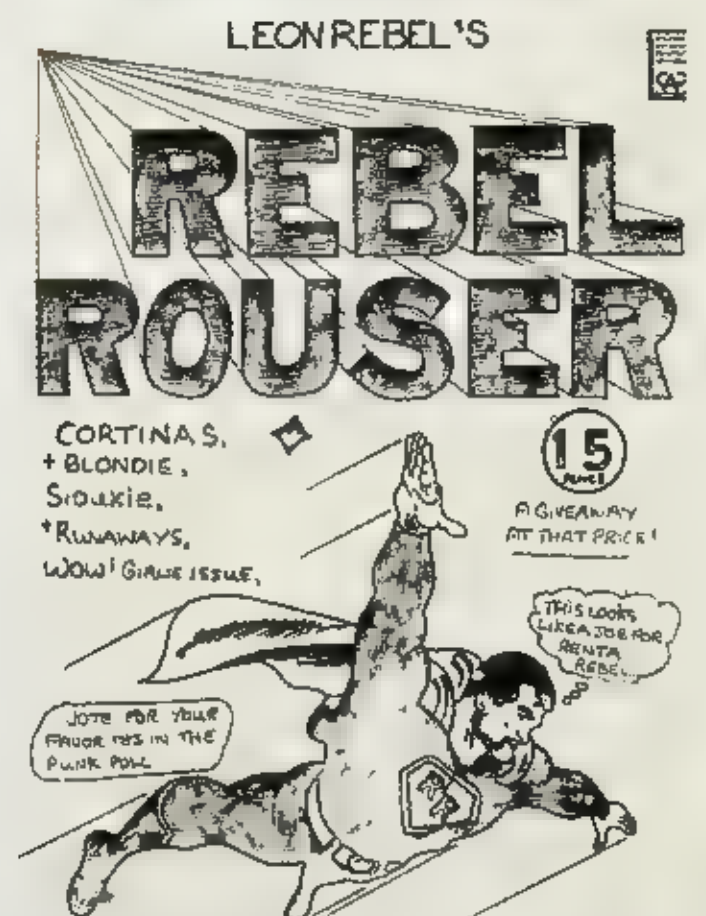
Fanzine editors (producers) were able to establish a set of "new" ideas and visual relationships by using "found" texts juxtaposed with "original" texts and combining these same texts with images. How they added up in terms of presentation and typographic treatment composed a snapshot of Punk subcultural activity. Punk in this way may be compared to avant-garde positions pioneered in the early twentieth century. As the art historian Stephen C. Foster suggests, the avant-garde held "...a shared conviction that art and literature are capable of reshaping, altering, or even revolutionizing individual human behaviour, social consciousness or cultural institutions..."²⁵

For the 1970s Punk movement in Britain, fanzines became an important vehicle for the dissemination of a Punk ideology, a band's philosophy, its discography and gig locations. The content reflected the preferences of the fanzine editor, but also of his/her audience of readers. As such, there was a danger that editors would be less critical of bands that they supported than the mainstream music press. On the other hand, the fanzine became a space to challenge social and political conventions. This was similar to how some Punk bands used the lyrics of songs to highlight and confront various sociopolitical issues.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Typo-Anarchy



handwriting whenever it appeared in the typed text, became a main stylistic feature of the typewritten text found in Issue 4 (1979). Other characteristic acts included frequent cross-outs of letters or words, handwritten corrections on top of the typewritten text, and the inking of counterforms in selected characters such as the "a" or "o."

Images were also manipulated, and Punk designers were expert at employing collage and photomontage techniques to highlight relevant issues. Linder, for example, assembled magazine cut outs of female forms (*Penthouse* nudes) substituting women's faces for domestic objects. Her most famous collage adorns the cover of the Buzzcocks' *Orgasm Addict* single, where a woman's body has the head of a steam iron. Jamie Reid, who was adept at visual play, montaged a safety pin through the Queen's lip for the cover of the Sex Pistols' *God Save the Queen* single (other versions used swastikas in her eyes). Although montage was a favored technique of fanzine producers, illustrations would also appear as hand drawn or as black and white photographs. The first photographic image on a cover for *Sniffin' Glue* appeared in Issue No.3, and capitalized on the unprofessional quality of the reproduction methods used. Most photographic images ended up as grainy and rough, but added a welcome visual aesthetic not often found in mainstream magazines.

Most fanzines were amateur undertakings and although they were sold, it was not normally to make profit; editors used whatever method was the cheapest and quickest for dissemination of information. For Punk, the photocopier was the primary form of duplication.²⁸ The process of reproduction "democratized" access, but at the same time, each copy became further removed from its original quality. It was this aspect that Punk accepted as desirable.

"PASSENGER CONTROL"²⁹

Although most Punk fanzines included at one time or another a guide for producing your own fanzine, it has only been recently that this process has been commodified by mainstream publishers. "How-to" books, such as *Make a Zine!* by Bill Brent, provide detailed step-by-step guides to the creation of a fanzine. Ironically, however, the acceptable rules for developing a fanzine "style" have been altered to suit mass market tastes. Brent comments under "Typographic Hints" that a producer should "avoid mixing handwriting and typesetting"; "set your body text large enough to easily read"; "avoid widows and orphans"; "do not use all uppercase letters" and "avoid the dumb zine mistake of breaking text across an image."³⁰ This is a long, long way from Punk fanzine ethics.

In fact, the British Punk aesthetic was copied almost as soon as it began and eventually manifested itself in the pages of style magazines such as Britain's "style bible" *i-D* and Neville Brody's *The Face*. This is a trend that even today is followed by other subcultural publications that involve topics such as surfing, skateboarding, and the rave scene. The California-based skateboarding magazine *Heckler*, for

example, began as a "free zine" on newsprint. Its editor, John Baccigaluppi, a musician by trade, had no knowledge of formal design skills when he began the magazine. In the spirit of the subcultural, however, Baccigaluppi was quick to adopt the passion and language of past Punk fanzines. For example, "The Handmade Issue" (1997) takes handwriting as its only typographic form and uses it throughout the editorial section of the publication.

Yet, despite this co-option, the typo/anarchy of fanzines remains firmly ingrained in the underground British zine scene. And as such, the perpetual destruction of an existing official system of visual codes remains a goal. The anarchism of Punk proposed that there would be no official rules that would control individual freedom and personal choice. In an attempt to break away visually from authority (this authority could be anything from parents to government), Punk formalized a distinct "iconography of disrespect." Integral to this was the terror of ransom note cut outs, signifying a fear of the unknown author, the handwritten letterforms that validated acts of vandalism, as well as photographic and text-based collage, which defied copyright law and signaled intentional acts of plagiarism. Even today, the typewritten text is a signature of rebellion, fighting against computerized production methods. The typewriter and use of handwriting in fanzines have become symbols of typographic democracy. In other words, in this form anyone can do it.³¹

But why does the language of rebellion remain effectively unaltered today within British fanzines? Simply, it may be suggested that as long as the authority of the mainstream remains and its corollary visual language continues intact, there is little need to alter "established" codes of rebellion. Riot Grrrl fanzines, for example, still use the now well-established typographic treatments and production techniques so successfully fostered by Punk editors. Some may argue that with the emergence of the new Labour Party in Britain, sociopolitical issues will now be addressed, and that the conditions previously highlighted by Punk will dissipate. However, it is now evident that these problems inherited by the new government will take many years to tackle effectively. Homelessness and unemployment are on the increase, as are protests against road building works, and educational and environmental problems. And, as the concerns and interests of the countercultural increases, so too do the number of fanzines. Punk language, in this case, is no longer solely synonymous with music, but also continues to serve an important political function: a visual manifestation of subversion and rebellion against established conventions of authority.

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Typo-Anarchy

FOOTNOTES

1. The Clash in particular had a firm affiliation with Austin-based songwriter Joe Ely. Ely would frequently appear with the band on his UK tours.
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3. Lee Wood. *Sex Pistols: Day by Day*. London: Omnibus, 1988. n.p.
4. Interview with Roger Sabin, London, 4 April 1998. Sabin is the editor of a forthcoming book titled: *Punk Rock: So What?* London: Routledge, 1999.
5. Gary Bushell. "Youth! Youth! Youth! The Punk Years." *The Sounds Colour Magazine*, 17 May 1986. p.11.
6. Fred Vermorel. *Fashion Perversity*. London: Bloomsbury, 1996. p.66.
7. Malcolm Barnard. *Fashion as Communication*. London: Routledge, 1996. p.131
8. Greg Shaw. "The Music," *Bomp!*, November 1977. p.14.
9. Mock advertising slogans created by Jamie Reid.
10. Greg Shaw. "Punk Politics: The Kids Are Mostly Right," *Bomp!* Nov. 1977. p.16.
11. Lyrics respectively from songs by the Sex Pistols, the Clash and Chelsea, 1977
12. Bushell. *Youth! Youth! Youth!* p.11.
13. Nico Ordway. "The Politics of Punk," *Search and Destroy*. Issue 1, p.13.
14. For further information on band members who were trained in British art institutions, see John A. Walker. *Cross-Overs. Art into Pop and Pop into Art*. London: Comedia/Methuen, 1987
15. Stewart Home. "Cranked up really high." *Move: Codex*, 1995. p.23
16. *Punk Rock: The Origins of the Punk Rock Phenomenon*, Visionary video, 1977.
17. "England's Screaming!" *Bomp!*, Nov. 1977. p.11
18. Stephen Duncombe. *Zines: Notes from the Underground and the Politics of Alternative Culture*. London and New York: Verso, 1997. p.120
19. Mark P. interviewed. *Punk Rock: The Origins of the Punk Rock Phenomenon*, Visionary Video, 1977.
20. *Punk Rock: The Origins of the Punk Rock Phenomenon*, Visionary video, 1977. Mark P. also comments that he felt Punk magazine "has got nothing to do with anything..." Alvin Gibbs. *Destroy: The Definitive History of Punk*. Britannia Press Publishing, 1996. p.95
21. Trisha Henry. *Break All Rules! Punk Rock and the Making of Style*. Ann Arbor: UMI Research, 1989. p.94.
22. Mock advertising slogans created by Jamie Reid.
23. Jon Savage. *England's Dreaming. Sex Pistols and Punk Rock*. London: Faber and Faber, 1991. p.279.
24. Philip Thompson. "The Alternative Press Come to Heel?" *Design 353*, May 1978. pp.42-3.
25. Stephen Foster. "The Prerequisite to Text." *Visible Language XXI* No. 3/4, 1987. p.313
26. Jon Savage. "Fanzines. Every home should print one," *Sounds*, Sept. 10, 1977. p.28
27. Erica Echenberg and Mark P. *And God Created Punk*. London: Virgin, 1996. p.11
28. Previously, the mimeograph or duplicator machine had been the means of production for fanzines, particularly those located within the science fiction realm. And, of course today, fanzines are produced electronically (e-zines) and accessed from the Internet. For a detailed discussion of early sci-fi fanzines, see Fredric Wertham. *The World of Fanzines: A Special Form of Communication*. Southern Carbondale: Illinois University Press, 1973, and an early sci-fi fandom, see Harry Warner, Jr. *All Our Yesterdays*. Chicago: Advent Publishers, 1969
29. Mock advertising slogans created by Jamie Reid.
30. Bill Brent. *Make a Zine!* San Francisco: Back Books, 1997. p.26.
31. Yet it may be suggested that an absorption of typo/anarchy has only taken place within the realm of popular visual culture. For example, ransom note cut outs have become an accepted form of visual language appearing regularly as advertising headlines, record sleeves, in mainstream media and magazines. These cut outs may evoke a nostalgic view back to the days of Punk, or possibly a fractured instability on part of the author, or even suggest a political reading of anti-authoritarianism.

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"YOUR MAG KICKS ASS!"

An Interview With Heckler Magazine's John Baccigaluppi

1992: The first issue of *Heckler* is a 16 page, free, black and white, no staple havin', no trimmed edges, cheapest-possible-newsprint zine! The cover photo is of Noah Salasnek shot by Matt Kennedy. Only one issue is released because everyone is too busy snowboarding, skating and partying.

1993: Three friends, John Baccigaluppi, Matt Kennedy and Sonny Mayugba, get together to re-start the zine called *Heckler* in order to get free lift tickets in Tahoe and hopefully get a snowboard with bindings. It works.

1994: Tower Books picks up *Heckler* and becomes *Heckler's* first legitimate distributor, selling it on the newsstand for \$2.00. *Heckler* is owned and operated by John, Sonny and renowned photographer Chris Carnel.

1995: *Heckler* becomes the first and only snowboard and/or skateboard magazine to publish on the Internet. *Heckler* builds World Wide Web sites for Sims Snowboards, Palmer Snowboards and Ugg Footwear. These are the very first snowboard manufacturer sites on the Internet.

1996: *Heckler* has grown from a 16 page zine to 120 pages. Transworld Publications buys newsprint *Heckler* and rolls it out nationally with glossy paper and tons of color.

1997: Transworld gets bought by Times Mirror Magazines. John, Sonny and Chris buy *Heckler* back from Transworld.

1998: *Heckler* enters its sixth year of publishing and is currently being distributed in over 27 countries.

(From the *Heckler Magazine Print Advertising Media Kit*, written by Sonny Mayugba)

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Heckler

Emigre: How many people work at *Heckler*?

John Baccigaluppi: There's me, Sonny Mayugba and Chris Carnel. We're the active partners; we all own a part of the business. And also, there's Tommy Ryan, our Office Manager, who is our only full-time employee in Sacramento. And we usually have one or two interns at any given time who work

here part-time. Down south, at Transworld, they still do all our distribution, production, accounting and all that business stuff. So there's a lot of people down there who aren't on our payroll and don't work for us full-time, and who are on Transworld's payroll, a subsidiary of Times Mirror. Down in Southern California, we also have one full-time sales rep, Aaron Schmidt, who is one of our employees, and we have one person in the Retail Sales department whose salary we pay, even though he does work for Transworld/Times Mirror, as well. And then we have a lot of sales reps working for us on commission; they sell ads for us. Sonny used to do all the advertising himself. Back when we were a zine and back when snowboarding was a tiny independent but growing sport, he was comfortable with doing that and he was really good at it, but now we deal with huge mega-corporations who want demographic numbers, so we use sales reps who are a little more professional.

Let me ask you a dumb but important question. Why did you start *Heckler*?

I always enjoyed doing layout and design. I would make my own ads for our record label and all that. But I also worked at two small music magazines in Sacramento. I used to write a column on recording for *Valley Music News*, and in return they'd give me a free ad for my recording studio. When *Valley Music News* went under, I volunteered to do the design of *Alive & Kicking*, another small local music zine, also in exchange for ads. But besides doing the layout, I sold all the ads, pretty much did all the editorial, or supervised it, and then oversaw the distribution. I did that for about a year or so, and although I learned a lot, it became too much like pulling teeth. Then these two guys approached me with the idea of doing a snowboarding/skateboarding magazine. This I was really attracted to. I've been skateboarding ever since I was a kid. I love it. And snowboarding was new to me; it was real exciting, but I couldn't afford to snowboard, since it was way too expensive. So I figured, well, if we do this zine, we're going to be able to get free lift tickets. So to a large degree, the reason I joined the magazine was to get into snowboarding, which otherwise I was not able to do.

Weren't there already a lot of board magazines being published?

There were big major ones, but there weren't many little ones and there certainly wasn't anything that was local.

Do you consider *Heckler* a fanzine? Or does it matter to you at all?

For three years we were a zine, because we were printed on newsprint, it was free, and I think a lot of what we did was very zinelike. But I didn't really know what a zine was. I never really thought of it in those terms. I wasn't familiar with *Factsheet 5* and all that, so we were pretty ignorant about the whole Zine Nation. It blew right by us, even though we were part of it by default. Since then I've given it some thought. And I'm not sure if we're still a zine. We've gone through so many changes.

How did you distribute *Heckler* in those early days?

Dear Emigre,

I just finished reading your Base Monospace "manifesto," and found it interesting that no mention was made of Japanese typography. All of the characters have consistent width, including the periods and commas, to create a uniform grid on the page. In addition, the phonetic characters (hiragana) have a simple form and the traditional characters (kan'ji) have a complex form. When used together, they create a similar effect to a widened "i" and a narrow "w," but to a greater extreme. I doubt that anyone in Japan is having a debate about the legibility of monospace characters and uneven page gray value, but they may be.
Casey Reas, Internet

Heckler was a free magazine, so we had people that we'd pay, in lift tickets, the currency of choice, and give them routes to do, and tell them to drop off the magazines at various locations. That would work in Sacramento and Tahoe. Also, we'd ship a couple of bundles of the magazine to our advertisers, and tell 'em "Hey when you ship an order out, rather than pack it with newspaper, pack it with *Heckler*!" This is how copies ended up all over the country and even overseas. Of course we never knew exactly where the magazines would end up, so when our advertisers asked us where *Heckler* was being distributed, we had to tell 'em we weren't really sure. We also put ads in the mag, saying "Distribute *Heckler*!" So we'd get kids who were stoked on the mag, and who might live somewhere in upstate Oregon, saying, "Send me a bunch!" and they would distribute it for us, but then we would find out six months later that they had moved, and we'd been sending them to some old lady. So it grew from there, but we hit a point with *Heckler* where it either had to stop or had to grow because putting out *Heckler* was becoming a full-time job. We were putting so much time into it but we weren't making any money. We figured, well, we really like doing this, it had grown into something that was more than an excuse to get some free lift tickets, it really became a creative outlet for us. It was very satisfying. We'd look at it and say "Wow, this is so cool, we made this," and we learned a lot doing it, and people responded really positively to the whole thing. But we had to take it to the next level.

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Heckler

Let's talk about that next level a little later. First, how does *Heckler* differ from all the other skateboard and snowboard magazines?

One of the main differences is with the editorial. *Heckler* is not a "professional" magazine. A lot of the people who write for us have never written anything in their lives but they are super enthusiastic. We really encourage people who love what they do but may not be professional writers to write for us. And then we do our best to clean up the grammar and make it presentable. The other thing is that we don't, for better or for worse, edit or censor the writing. The other publications, with a few exceptions, present a very sanitized view of the world, which is great if you're trying to hit a certain market.

When you focus on one general topic, as most fanzines do, how do you go about keeping things fresh? In other words, there's only so many questions you can ask a skateboarder, and there's only so many answers they'll come up with. How do you keep things interesting both for yourself and your audience? For one, we use a lot of different contributors, and for them the topic always is fresh. And their enthusiasm renews our own. The other way we keep it fresh...see, it's not like we're writing about something that we've lost touch with. We go snowboarding every chance we get, we skateboard almost every day, and over the last couple of years, Sonny and I have started playing in a band together again. We're writing about stuff that we still really love doing. If we had day

jobs we'd be doing the same thing. Actually, we'd probably be doing it more.

Do you pay your contributors?

Oh yes. Every single contributor gets paid. That's another reason why we wanted to take a step up.

Let's discuss that. Heckler was truly independent for a while, but eventually you got involved with Transworld, the big publisher with links to major distribution channels. Can you tell me a little bit how this came about and why you decided to get involved with Transworld?

Like I said, the magazine was killing us. Sonny and I were working 60 to 70 hours a week on Heckler, just slamming. We liked what we're doing but something wasn't working. We thought about maybe staying independent because at that point we were just beginning to make some money. When we put up our web site, we made enough money selling ad links and advertising to a few snowboard companies, to make a big jump up on the paper and printing quality, and with that the number of ads went way up because suddenly we were able to do color ads, and the ads looked much better than before and within an issue or two we really noticed the increase in advertising. And at that point we were almost making enough money and we probably could have stayed independent.

What made you decide otherwise?

We had already begun to look for a partner. We approached pretty much every boarding magazine out there telling them we'd like to partner with someone. Transworld was the only one who took us seriously. After nine months of negotiation, they bought the magazine from us. They became complete 100% owners of the magazine. We were given a five year management contract with them, which meant for five years we would manage Heckler for them. Part of the contract was that we had total editorial freedom and control to do whatever we wanted with it, but the magazine was their property. We were on a salary plus a profit share for those five years.

Plus they provided worldwide distribution.

Yes, through Curtis. But after a year of working with them — and they had been hinting at this, but we were too dense to get it — they sold their entire company. They had already sold their snowboard titles to Times Mirror and were contract-managing them for Times Mirror just like we were contract-managing Heckler for them. They then sold every other title they published to Times Mirror. Heckler was initially part of the deal, but at the last minute Times Mirror pulled out because they were uncomfortable with the content of Heckler since we were not censoring it. I guess they saw us as a loose cannon, who knows. And because our contract said we had total editorial control, they just weren't comfortable. The people at Transworld were nice enough and really bent over backwards to sell the magazine back to us with basically no money down. And now, just as we used to get a profit share, they now get a profit share. It's a complicated arrangement but they worked hard to make the best of a bad situation.

Did it make you feel proud to be the one magazine that didn't

Dear Emigre,

I am a third year graphic design student with a keen interest in drawing as well. I was first introduced to Emigre through a "history of design" project for which I chose to study Emigre. The idea was to allow the ideas of another to inform your own design. I had really very limited knowledge about Emigre. I began my research, and really what I found, and continue to find, did not only influence that particular design, it has caused me to think critically about my own perception of design and how I think others perceive design.

This has also brought up several questions, which seems to be a natural evolution. Much of what I had been chewing on was brought up in two pieces in Emigre 45: the interview with Peter Maybury and the piece on Jack Stauffacher.

As a student, I constantly battle the urge to let the computer rule my decisions and solutions. However, my love of drawing makes it a bit easier to use drawing to inform my design. In fact, I treat most of my design as if it were a drawing, especially in regard to type. In this I found the piece on Stauffacher extremely enlightening. I wonder, however, if the scale of his printed letterforms was not the only contributor to them losing their identity as type. Perhaps it is by looking at things from a different perspective, outside of "design rules," that he is able to view each letterform as a drawing, so that is in fact what it becomes. I hope this makes sense. Perhaps, this is a step in the direction of what Maybury described as the "spontaneous" and "intuitive" aspect of design.

I assume designers on your staff have a huge amount of background in drawing, and I am simply wondering if what I am offering stands up to your experience. It is well publicized how fond you are of the Mac, but I still wonder if you are active with your hands in regards to drawing and laying things out for the magazines, posters, etc. I ask, because in my research I feel I can see evidence of such activity in your design. It would be naive to think your design is simply made up of computer tricks. It is such evidence that has me hooked on Emigre.

Ryan Noel, Anderson University,
Anderson, IN

quite fit the corporate bill, or did you feel you were missing out on a great opportunity?

I still have mixed feelings about it.

Did you ever consider cleaning up your act a bit?

No. We liked the magazine the way it was. It's frustrating because I think we're really responsible. Even though we publish some stuff that people get upset about at times, I think it's always with a very responsible overview. Kids are far from stupid, and when they read stuff that's obviously sanitized and white-washed, they know it's fake. A lot of what we publish is responsible stuff that's very positive.

I know that in the past you've had some trouble with advertisers pulling ads or ski resorts not distributing your magazine because they were offended by some of your content. What's your general rule on this? What do you not publish in your magazine?

We don't really have a rule. Sonny and I are relatively liberal minded, but we both have a strong sense of morals and values and what is okay and what is not.

I hear more and more that fanzines have difficulty finding printers willing to print their magazines due to the rather explicit material they publish. Have you ever run into a printer who refused to print your magazine due to content?

Not yet, but I've heard about that too, and it's definitely a concern. But we've never done anything that's really out-of-hand and over-the-top, and we've worked with printers like Howard Quinn in San Francisco. They laughed when we asked them whether they had any reservations printing our magazine. We're like Sesame Street compared to some of the stuff they print. You just have to know that you may have something that people may have a problem printing, so clear it first.

You do that?

Yes, we always do. We would never go to a printer and just expect them to print the magazine. We're aware that what we do some people are going to find offensive, so we better make sure that our printer won't mind.

So the freedom of the press *does* belong to those who own them. It's all part of capitalism. I'm supporting the printers who support a broader definition of the freedom of the press instead of some prude-ass printer who thinks they can impose their values on people - they're not going to get my business. And you know, we're not huge, but it's still a substantial amount of business.

To go back to the Transworld deal, was there any kind of backlash from your readers?

We thought a lot about that, but we figured if we make the magazine as good as it has always been, then the magazine's going to speak for itself. We had a few people who called and said we were selling out and all that, but for the most part we get a lot of comments from people who say it's even better now. We're very photo-driven, and bottom line, the quality of the photos went way up because we had better reproduction.

Plus, we were able to reach so many more people, too.

Publishing a magazine can be really grueling and sometimes it makes you wonder "Why do I do this?" And one of the reasons I



The Goin' Big Issue, 1996
Photograph by Dominic Callan

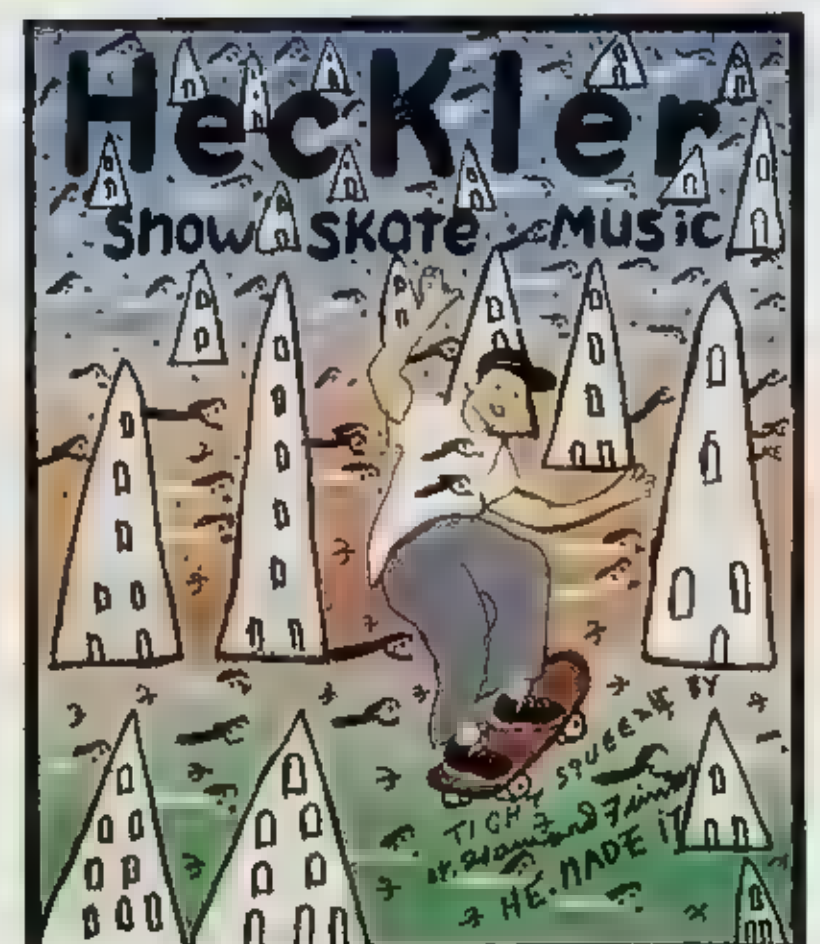
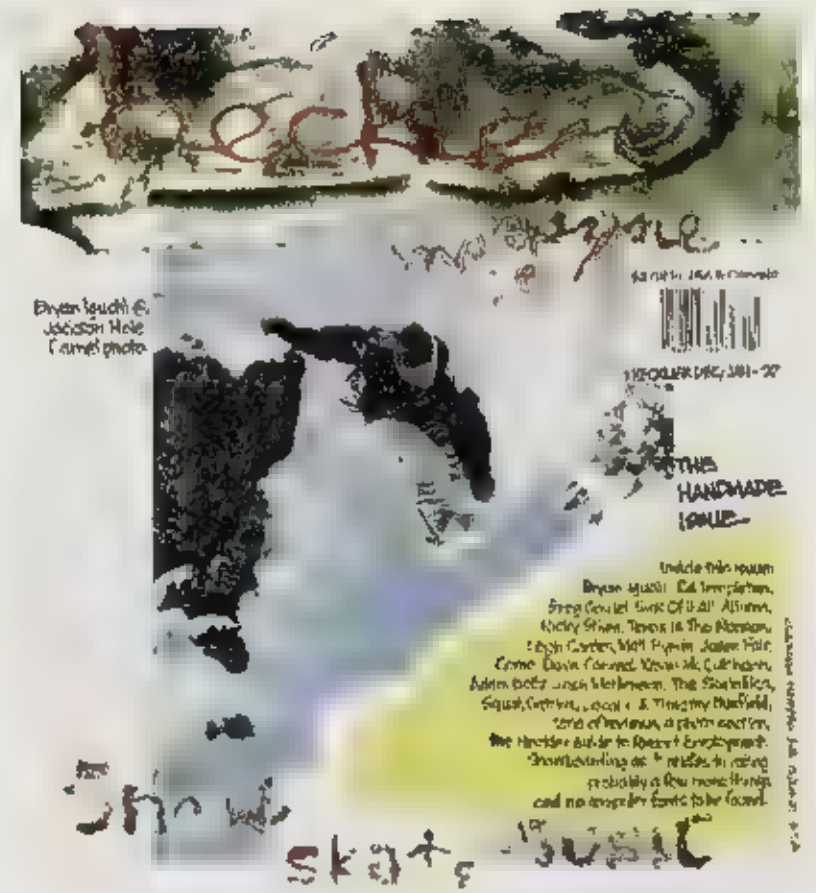
The Handmade Issue, 1997
Photograph by Chris Carnel

The StraightEric Issue, 1997
Photograph by Jamie Masberg

The Cowboy Issue, 1998
Photographs by Chris Carnel, Lance Dalgort,
Tommy Ryan

The Simple Issue, 1998
Photograph by Chris Carnel

The Tight Squeeze Issue, 1998
Illustration by Howard Finster



do this is because every day we get anywhere from 10 to 20 letters from kids.

Yes, your magazine is amazing in that respect; there are just about a k'zillion letters in each issue.

And we publish maybe one tenth of what we get!

Now, is it a requirement that they start off saying "Heckler Kicks Ass"? Because they all do.

That just happens. I don't quite understand it. But you read these letters from kids in little teeny towns that now get the magazine, because of Transworld, and they're excited; it gives them a viewpoint they hadn't really thought of.

You don't think you could have gotten to that point by yourself?

I don't know. We probably could have, but I question whether we'd still be able to make a magazine. The question is "Do we want to run a business or make a magazine?" We want to do the editorial, design, and work on the the overall philosophy behind it. We're less interested in running a business and overseeing distribution, etc. That's another 5 to 10 full-time positions. We won't have time left to do the magazine. Even now, the ratio of business to creating something is a lot higher than we'd like.

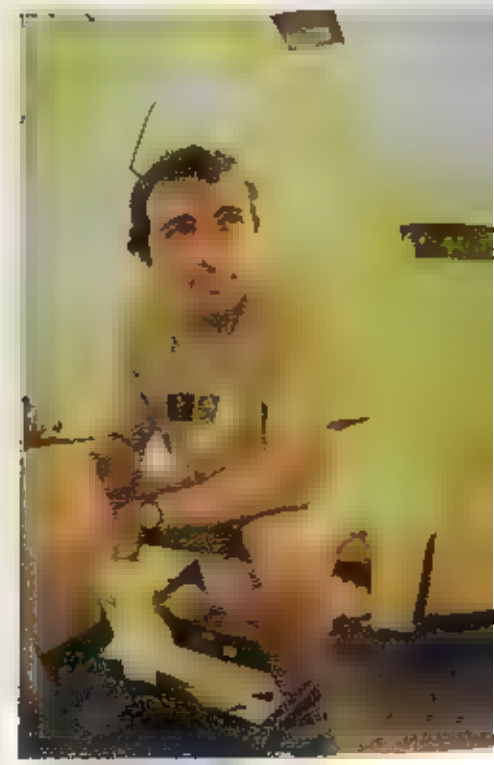
You're a self-taught designer, a real Do-It-Yourselfer, but I know that in the past few years you have been beefing up on design literature, reading pretty much every book that's been published on the topic. What have you picked up from it all, if anything?

When I first started designing *Heckler* and started looking at design, a whole world opened up to me. There was this huge body of knowledge and design history that really excited me. For a year or so I devoured all these books and immersed myself in it. But I came away from it feeling almost burned out on design. I had a similar experience going to the AIGA conference in New Orleans. A lot of design that I see, bottom line, just doesn't move me. By going through all those design books and learning about design, I almost lost sight of the fact, briefly I hope, that my audience is skateboarders and snowboarders and people who like music, not graphic design. And sometimes I get frustrated when I look at design, especially some design done within the snow/skate community. I look at it and think maybe it's well designed but it doesn't serve the audience. I'll see an awesome photo but it's two inches tall with tons of white space on the page. When you look at it from a few feet away it looks beautifully designed, but as a snowboarder I want to see that photo. So it's not good design because it doesn't serve the audience. So with *Heckler* you feel pretty confident that your design will touch the right nerve with your readers simply because you are like them? You know as a viewer and reader what you like and what is important and that's what's most important. Yes. What I bring to the design of *Heckler* is that I myself skateboard and snowboard, and I know what I want to see in terms of a skateboard and snowboard magazine.

Heckler kind of exudes this counterculture, DIY esthetic in every way, the idea of fuck the system, fuck the status quo,

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Heckler



John Baccigaluppi. Photograph by Sonny Mayugba.

much like Punk did. But snowboarding on the other hand, as you pointed out yourself, is a very expensive, almost elitist sport. The boards, the gear, the snowlift tickets, the drive up to the mountains. It's all very expensive. In effect, snowboarding literally buys into *status quo* consumer capitalism. Do you see any kind of incongruity here, between what you stand for as an indie, self-made magazine and what snowboarding stands for today?

I think about that. It's such a double-edged sword. On the one hand it's disappointing because snowboarding started off a lot like skateboarding. It literally started off with guys strapping skateboards onto skis and it was really, really ghetto, nothing like it is today. It was extremely Punk. You look at snowboarding now and it's so rock star. It's corporate, it's ESPN, it's MTV, it's everything that we'd never thought it would be. But on the other hand it's making everybody a living, too. But the bottom line, at the base of it all, is just the act of snowboarding, and that in itself can never be commercialized. It's so pure.

So you're disappointed by the commercialization of snowboarding but you run ads in *Heckler* for the companies who you feel, in a sense, are going to bring the demise of snowboarding as you've known and liked it.

But that's the thing. They can try and tap into it but they'll never get it, and they can't take away the act of snowboarding. They can't make it unfun to strap on a snowboard and drop into two feet of fresh powder.

Did you read Gina Arnold's book *Kiss This: Punk in the Present Tense*? She has an entire chapter devoted to the connection between Punk and snowboarding. To her, this commercial marriage between Punk and snowboarding is, and I quote: "the antithesis of Punk rock; everything that Punk rock wasn't." She goes on saying "It [snowboarding] isn't about art and togetherness and community and nonconformism; it is about personal, physical fulfillment and the hedonistic rush one gets from showing off." She concludes that neither snowboarding nor Punk today represents any kind of counterculture and that you're all victims of capitalism. Not only do you no longer represent counterculture, you now represent the *status quo*. You can say "fuck you" as often as you want, but as long as you continue to buy the gear, nobody's complaining.

To an extent she's right, but overall I would still disagree. Snowboarding as a whole is a huge humongous corporate thing. But there's a lot of things in life that are like that. Look at the music industry; it is a huge corporate entity, yet every year good records are still being made. There are still people who will go see a band and be moved by it. Does that mean it's all bad? I don't entirely buy into that whole idea that when too many people buy into something it can't be good. Sure, snowboarding is not going to change the world, like Punk did, but is it a bad thing to go out and do something that brings you enjoyment? Punk may have changed the world, or at least the world of music, but a lot of people go to Punk rock shows simply to have fun. Personally,

Dear Emigre,

In your latest issue, I was taken to new heights in the piece on Peter Moybury. His work is peerless.

Thank You,

Michael Swoboda, Internet

I think it's a good thing when people have something that makes them happy. We have a society where we have a lot of people doing drugs and alcohol and beating their families. You turn on the news and it's fucking depressing. To contribute to activities that make people feel good about themselves helps produce people who are more well-adjusted and better able to contribute to this society. It's not exactly Punk, but maybe that's a good thing. Punk rock is completely coopted now; it's embarrassing. Most Punk rock now is garbage, the 90s equivalent of Journey and Nightranger. The glory days are definitely over.

Will anything replace it? It brought about such a terrific change within music, how it was made, sold, performed, distributed. It changed everything, it created entirely new economies and by extension it empowered a lot of people who otherwise would have been simple cogs in the wheels of consumerism. It enabled people to become consumers and producers. Is there hope for something like that to happen again?

Punk made a change and there are people from that world who are still making a change, but the real challenge now is rather than working outside of society in some counterculture, to work within it and try and change it from within. That's the only way to bring about real change.

Do you see anybody doing that? Do you feel Heckler perhaps is doing that, and if yes, what's being changed, what's being subverted, and how do we benefit?

I think there are people like Ian MacKaye (Fugazi/Dischord Records) and Chumbawamba, who are working within the mainstream to do uncompromised work and who are reaching a lot of people. I think it's still too early to tell if the Internet is going to make a positive change, but I think it will, even if it's not quite the hi-tech rose-colored future predicted by *Wired* magazine. Obviously, Heckler as a board sports/culture magazine is not going to bring about any huge change. But within that framework, we've managed to address topics like suicide, racism, the environment, sexism, and in our last issue, the Voluntary Simplicity movement, which encourages people not to buy things they don't really need so their lives will be simpler and more fulfilled. We may not reach a zillion people or change a lot of people's minds, but if we get even a few people thinking, I think that's positive. I used to be a lot more idealistic, but I'm not sure if it's possible to effect huge social changes right now. But I think little changes are a step in the right direction and enough small steps eventually makes a bigger step. And lastly, I question some of the current thinking in Punk rock by people like Gina Arnold. The line seems to be as soon as more than ten people know about something, it's lost its hip factor or its soul. That seems a little too elitist to me. I personally don't really like a lot of current Punk rock (or other music for that matter) but if someone else, or even a million other people, do like it and are affected by it, who am I to say it's bad or wrong?

Heckler

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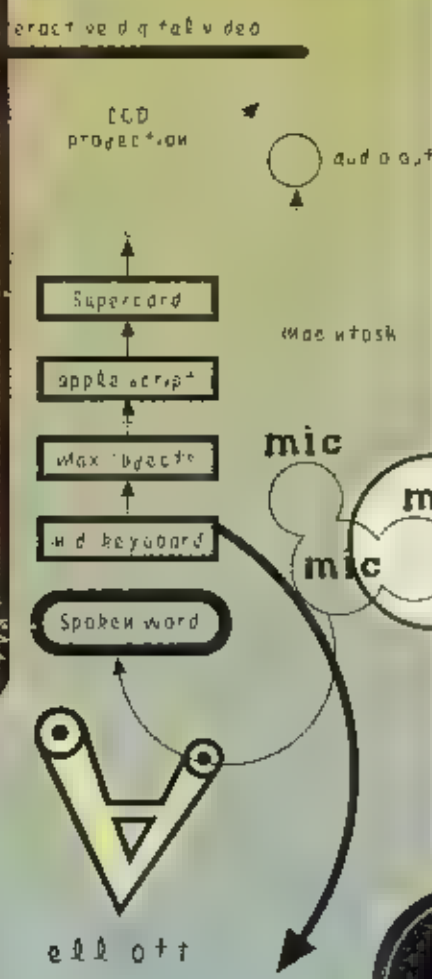
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Excerpts from EYE SLING SHOT BLOW is an interactive digital composition conceived and constructed around the QuickTime media layer, max™ and Supercard technologies. During live performance a mélange of typography, sound, video fragments, interactive digital video simulated live performance, short films and pop music are controlled via midi and interwoven with live poetry reading and spoken word texts. With a zig CD-ROM, DVD-ROM, and LCD projection, excerpts from EYE SLING SHOT BLOW was conceived and programmed to be modular, not only as a performance, it's a product, a shiny disc full of ones and zeros ready to be taken home the night of the performance, and put in your Walkman™ or your Mac.

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Performance Dates and Times

April	Saturday	8th	4:00pm
May	Saturday	16th	4:00pm
June	Saturday	20th	4:00pm
July	Monday	27th	8:00pm
August	Monday	17th	8:00pm

all tickets \$ 2

SATURDAY
APRIL 18TH
4:00PM

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ITCHY PET ENIGRE: ECD016:

[emigre music]

From the same brain that sprouted Every Good Boy comes something quite different: Itchy Pet created by Erik Deerly
Release date: June 1998.



FROMWAYOUTWEST

KEEDY SANS

Designed by Jeffery Keedy

Circa 1989

Two fonts: \$65.00

Also available as single fonts: \$39 each (On-line only)

Keedy Sans Regular

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Keedy Sans Bold

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KEEDY SANS

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Top to bottom 210, 110, 290, 155 point Keedy Sans Bold

KEEDY SANS REGULAR

6 point

2 point leading

Typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. Investigationes demonstraverunt lectores legere me lius quod ii legunt saepius. Claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. Mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. Eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum.

7 point

2 point leading

Typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. Investigationes demonstraverunt lectores legere me lius quod ii legunt saepius. Claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. Mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. Eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum.

8 point

3 point leading

Typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. Investigationes demonstraverunt lectores legere me lius quod ii legunt saepius. Claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. Mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. Eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum.

9 point

4 point leading

Typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. Investigationes demonstraverunt lectores legere me lius quod ii legunt saepius. Claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. Mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. Eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum. Typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. Investigationes demonstraverunt lectores legere me lius quod ii legunt saepius. Claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum.

KEEDY SANS BOLD

Typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. Investigationes demonstraverunt lectores legere me lius quod ii legunt saepius. Claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. Mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. Eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum.

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12 point

4 point leading

Typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. Investigationes demonstra verunt lectores legere melius quod ii legunt saepius. Claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. Mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. Eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum. Typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. investiga tiones demonstra verunt lectores legere melius quod ii legunt saepius. Claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. Mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. Eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum.

14 point

4 point leading

TYPi NON HABENT CLARITATEM INSITAM; EST USUS LEGENTIS IN IIS QUI FACIT EORUM CLARITATEM. INVESTIGATIONES DEMONSTR A VERUNT LECTORES LEGERE MELIUS QUOD II LEGUNT SAEPIUS. CLARITAS EST ETIAM PROCESSUS DYNAMICUS, QUI SEQUITUR MUTATIONEM CONSUE TUDINUM LECTORUM. MIRUM EST NOTARE QUAM LITTERA GOTHICA, QUAM NUNC PUTAMUS PARUM CLARAM, ANTEPOSUERIT LITTERARUM FORMAS HUMANITATIS PER SAECULA QUARTA DECIMA ET QUINTA DECIMA. EODEM MODO TYPi, QUI NUNC NOBIS VIDENTUR PARUM CLARI, FIANT SOLLEMNES IN FUTURUM.

7 point

4 point leading

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DEMOCRATICA BOLD

4 POINT LEADING

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3 POINT LEADING

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2 | DIN FÄBING

typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. investigationes demonstraverunt lectores legere me lius quod ii legunt saepius. claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum. typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. investiga- tiones demonstraverunt lectores legere me lius quod ii legunt saepius. claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum.

2. POINT LEADING.

typi non habent claritatem insitam, est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. investigationes demonstraverunt lectores legere meius quod ii legunt saepius. claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum. typi non habent claritatem insitam; est usus legentis in iis qui facit eorum claritatem. investigationes demonstraverunt lectores legere meius quod ii legunt saepius. claritas est etiam processus dynamicus, qui sequitur mutationem consuetudinum lectorum. mirum est notare quam littera gothica, quam nunc putamus parum claram, anteposuerit litterarum formas humanitatis per saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. eodem modo typi, qui nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum.

ALSO AVAILABLE AS SINGLE FONTS: \$30 EACH (ON LINE ONLY)

TYPI NON HABENT CLARITATEM INSITAM; EST USUS LEGENTIS IN IIS QUI FACIT
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6 POINT

2 POINT LEADING

TYPI NON HABENT CLARITATEM INSITAM; EST USUS LEGENTIS IN IIS QUI
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 saecula quarta decima et quinta decima. eodem modo typi, qui
 nunc nobis videntur parum clari, fiant sollemnes in futurum.

14 POINT

4 POINT LEADING

TYPI NON HABENT CLARITATEM INSITAM; EST USUS LEGENTIS IN IIS QUI FACIT
 EORUM CLARITATEM. INVESTIGATIONES DEMONSTR A VERUNT LECTORES LEGERE
 MELIUS QUOD II LEGUNT SAEPIUS. CLARITAS EST ETIAM PROCESSUS DYNAMICUS,
 QUI SEQUITUR MUTATIONEM CONSUE TUDINUM LECTORUM. MIRUM EST NOTARE
 QUAM LITTERA GOTHICA, QUAM NUNC PUTAMUS PARUM CLARAM, ANTEPOSUERIT
 LITTERARUM FORMAS HUMANITATIS PER SAECULA QUARTA DECIMA ET QUINTA
 DECIMA. EODEM MODO TYPI, QUI NUNC NOBIS VIDENTUR PARUM CLARI, FIANT
 SOLLEMNES IN FUTURUM.

24 POINT

8 POINT LEADING

Hypnopaedia Pajamas

Cream fabric printed with x-y-z pattern in sage green. Relaxed fit in heavy-weight 100% brushed cotton knit for warmth and comfort. Two-piece pajama set includes elastic waist pants with draw string for adjustable fit, and top with chest pockets and spread collar.

Choose from 4 unisex sizes; XS, S, M, L

Pajamas are cut to allow for 5% shrinkage after the first washing, so order your true size.

Compare to U.S.
women's dress sizes
& men's shirt sizes.

	Dress:	Shirt:
XS	4-6	32
S	8-10	34
M	12-14	36-38
L	16-18	40-42

GARMENT DESIGN: SHARON ADLIS
FABRIC PRINT DESIGN: LUZIANA LECHE

1

Hypnopaedia
Pajamas:
\$85.00

2

Hypnopaedia
Deluxe package:
Pajamas,
Hypnopaedia font,
plus booklet:
\$125.00



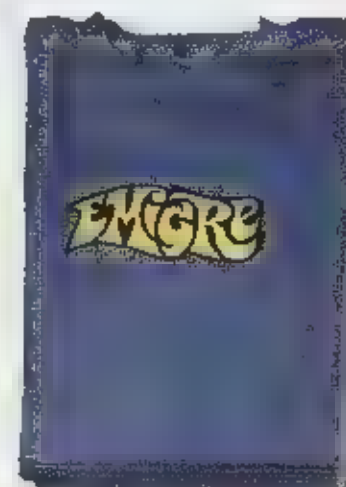
Printed in orange and dark green, on front only, on a 100% white cotton T-shirt
\$15.00 + 1.16 tax



Printed in black and red, on front only, on a 100% white cotton T-shirt



Printed in black and red, on front only, on a 100% white cotton T-shirt.



Design derived from the cover of Emigre no. 38. Designed by House Industries/Brand Design. Printed in black and yellow, on front only, on a 100% cotton bluestone T-shirt.



Printed in black, on front (plus small phonetic Emigre logo on back), on a 100% white cotton T-shirt.



Printed in white and dark blue, on front only, on a 90% cotton/10% polyester athletic gray T-shirt.

Books on Design



Emigre (Exhibition Catalog)

Edited and designed by Emigre.
Published by Drukkerij Rosbeek bv.
In February 1998 Emigre received the Charles Nypels Award, an award which is assigned once every two years to an individual or institution that has made significant innovations in the area of typography. On the occasion of this event an exhibition of the work of Emigre was held at the Jan van Eyck Academy in Maastricht, Holland, and an accompanying catalog was published and printed by Drukkerij Rosbeek bv. The catalog, which was designed and compiled by Emigre, features

essays by Rick Poynor and Lorraine Wild, a selection of quotes from back issues, as well as samples of Emigre's layouts and typefaces.

72 pages, 7.75 x 7.75 inches, softcover with flaps, perfect bound. \$20.00.



Stencilled Ornament & Illustration

A Demonstration of William Addison Dwiggins's Method of Book Decoration and Other Uses of the Stencil.

Compiled and Arranged by Dorothy Abbe
This rare book, which was originally planned for publication in the early fifties under the imprint Putterschein-Hingham by Dwiggins and Abbe, was finally produced and published by the Trustees of the Boston Public Library in 1980.

74 pages, 6.75 x 10 inches, softcover, black and white, fully illustrated, hand set in Winchester Roman, an experimental Linotype face designed by Dwiggins. \$30.00.

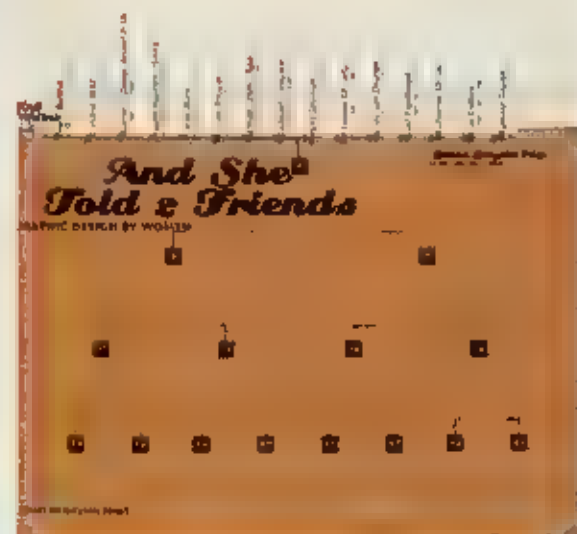
Looking Closer 2: Critical Writings on Graphic Design

Edited by Michael Bierut, William Drenttel, Steven Heller & DK Holland. Published by Allworth Press. Co-published with the American Institute of Graphic Arts.
Looking Closer 2 addresses the issues that have sparked discourse and discord over the past two years. And like the first, the second volume serves as an *ad hoc* textbook of graphic design criticism. Featuring commentaries, manifestoes, reviews, editorials, and reportage by, among others, Robin Kinross, Tibor Kalman, Ellen Lupton, Katherine McCoy, Véronique Vienne, Zuzana Licko, Rick Poynor, J. Abbott Miller, Paul Saffo, Jon Wozencraft, Ellen Shapiro and Andrew Blauvelt.
272 pages, 6.75 x 10 inches, softcover. \$18.95.

And She Told 2 Friends

Edited and designed by Kali Nikitas.
Published by Michael Mendelson Books.
This catalog documents an exhibit held at Woman Made Gallery in Chicago, Illinois, in June 1996. *And She Told 2 Friends* celebrates the female network that exists within the global design community and seeks to acknowledge the link between contributions made by women and the support and admiration that exists among them.

By inviting two women to submit work and asking each one to do the same, and so on, this exhibit curated itself. Each designer chose their own submission, and provided the text accompanying their work together with their reasons for inviting their two "friends." Includes work by Barbara Glauber, Blondes Prefer Type, Rebeca Méndez, Denise

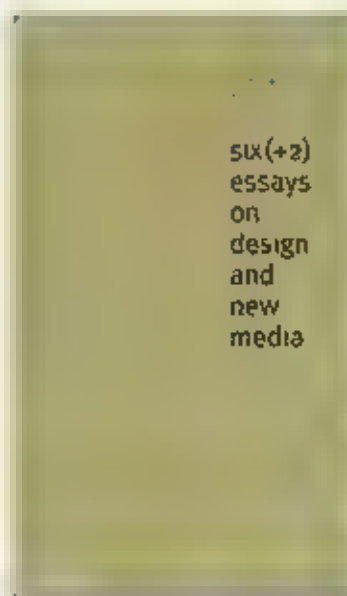


Gonzales Crisp, Ellen Lupton, Robynne Raye, Lorraine Wild and others.
44 Pages, 9.25 x 13.125 inches, softcover, perfect bound. Special Price \$9.95.

Lift and Separate: Graphic Design and the Quote Unquote Vernacular

Edited and designed by Barbara Glauber. Published by Princeton Architectural Press. Co-published with the Herb Lubalin Center, The Cooper Union.
This 66-page monograph explores the complex relationship between the so-called vernacular and the contemporary graphic designer. Featuring writings and designs by John Downer, Jeffery Keedy, Lorraine Wild, Steven Heller, Sami Kim, Mike Mills and others. The catalog was originally designed to accompany the 1993 exhibition "Lift and Separate" organized by the Herb Lubalin Study Center at the Cooper Union in New York City. Just a few copies are remaining, and it is unlikely that this book will be reprinted with its original velour jacket!

66 Pages, 8.25 x 10.75 inches, velour cover with gold embossed title. \$20.00.



Six Essays (+2) on Design and New Media

By Jessica Helfand. Published by William Drenttel New York.
Jessica Helfand is a designer who writes frequently about the impact of technology on the design professions. These essays, published in an earlier form in *Print* magazine in 1994 and 1995, examine the impact of design on information technologies, including the role of typography in screen-based media, the function of identity in on-line environments, and the questionable legacy of desktop metaphors in interaction design. Her overriding concern is that the race to provide information on-line neglects the experience – the drama, the emotions, the human connections – in short, the editorial content.

76 pages, 7 x 4.5 inches, softcover. \$12.00.

Emigre (the Book): Graphic Design into the Digital Realm

Edited and designed by Emigre. Published by Van Nostrand Reinhold.
In 1984 *Emigre* magazine set out to explore the as-yet-untapped and uncharted possibilities of Macintosh-generated graphic design. Boldly new and different, *Emigre* broke rules, opened eyes and earned its creators, Rudy VanderLans and Zuzana Licko, cult status in the world of graphic design.

96 Pages, 11 x 15 inches, softcover, over 300 illustrations, with commentary from VanderLans and Licko. Essay by Mr. Keedy.

Regular Edition: \$24.95 (2 item shipping rate).

Deluxe Edition: \$50.00 (4 item shipping rate). The deluxe version of the book is hand-signed by Zuzana Licko and Rudy VanderLans and presented in a hand-made, cloth-covered slipcase. This edition also includes *The Emigre Music Sampler No. 2* deluxe compact disc.



Mrs Eaves booklet

A special letterpress printed version of the type specimen booklet announcing the release of Mrs Eaves, a typeface designed by Zuzana Licko (See page 36). Booklet designed by Rudy VanderLans and printed on a Heidelberg ksba cylinder press by Peter Koch at his printing office in Berkeley, California.

20 Pages plus wrap-around cover, 5.75 x 8.75 inches. \$12.00.

Books by Designers



[****]

Four-Letter Word, or [****], is a quarterly magazine produced, designed, authored, and published by Thirstype. "Want" is the first issue in a series of conceptual pop commentary that will focus on, look into, draw from, and fuck with, any and everything that captures the authors' attention. Better yet, [****] will allow the reader to indulge in excessive production values and maximum rejuvenation of the self. Each edition will be limited to 1,000 copies.

32 pages, 8.5 x 12.25 inches, gold softcover with gold embossed logo. \$20.00.

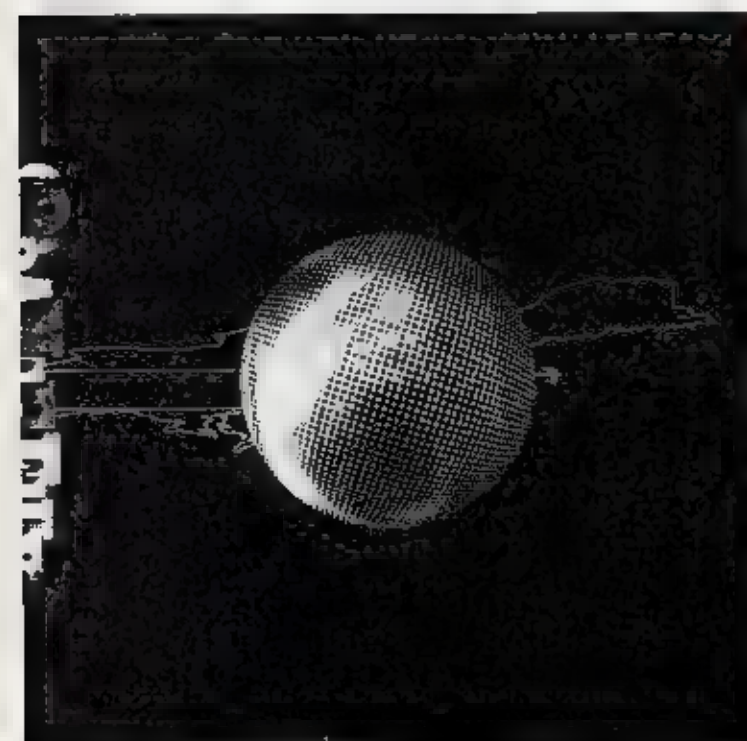


The Good Life

[Bliss in the Hills]

A Thirst production. Written and designed by Rick Valicenti for the Friends of Gilbert. This lush book is meant as "a mid-life celebration of turning forty-five, twenty-three years of marriage...and two years of working at home with family, friends, and the occasional glitch in the software. The book is "starring his family & friends in the hood."

24 pages, 18 x 11.875 inches, softcover, including dye-cut transparent pages. \$30.00.



Rust Belt

Composed and Recorded by Orangeflux.

Kristina Meyer and Matt Fey.

Rust Belt is graphic music; an expression of lyrics, harmonies and rhythms composed with type. Each of the fourteen tracks found on Rust Belt use typefaces created by Orangeflux to complement and communicate lyrical content. Instruments ranged from the classical (ink pen, letterpress, lead rubbings, and rubber stamps) to the more modern (computer, copier, scanner and laser printer).

Guest artists include, Steve

Garipey, Patrick Dorey, Sam Meyer and Allen Parmelee.

Limited signed and numbered edition. Only 468 copies pressed.

The 24 page, visual recording is offset pressed in one color, slipped into a die-cut dust cover, and placed in a 12x12 inch letterpressed, gatefold sleeve. Also included is a 12x36 inch 2-sided, 2-color poster. \$30.00.

Compact Discs



Throwing Apples at the Sun

Produced by Elliott Earls (The Apollo Program)

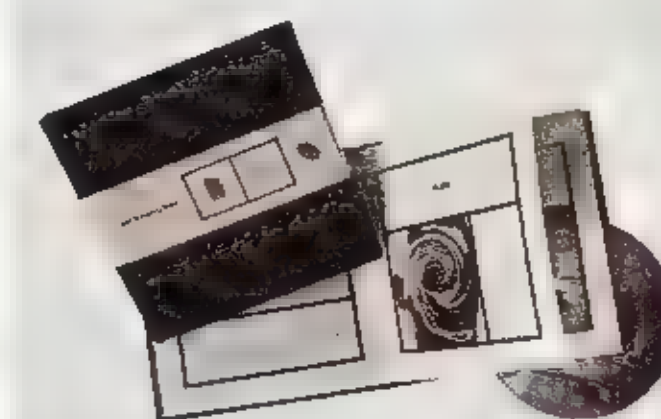
This is a dual format CD which plays in both a standard CD player as well as in a Macintosh CD-ROM drive. Program #1 is 30 minutes of original music and spoken word tracks.

Program #2 contains an integrated composition of sound, images, poetry, and QuickTime movies. The *Throwing Apples at the Sun* CD also includes three Apollo Program font families (Regular value of \$210). Complete package includes a set of four large size posters (23 x 37 inches) each printed on both sides, designed by Elliott Earls at The Apollo Program.

Complete package \$99.00.

Special Emigre subscriber price: \$49 (CD only!)

Minimum system requirements: Macintosh system 7.1, 16 megabytes of RAM, 256 colors, 13 inch monitor, single speed CD-ROM drive, QuickTime 2.0.

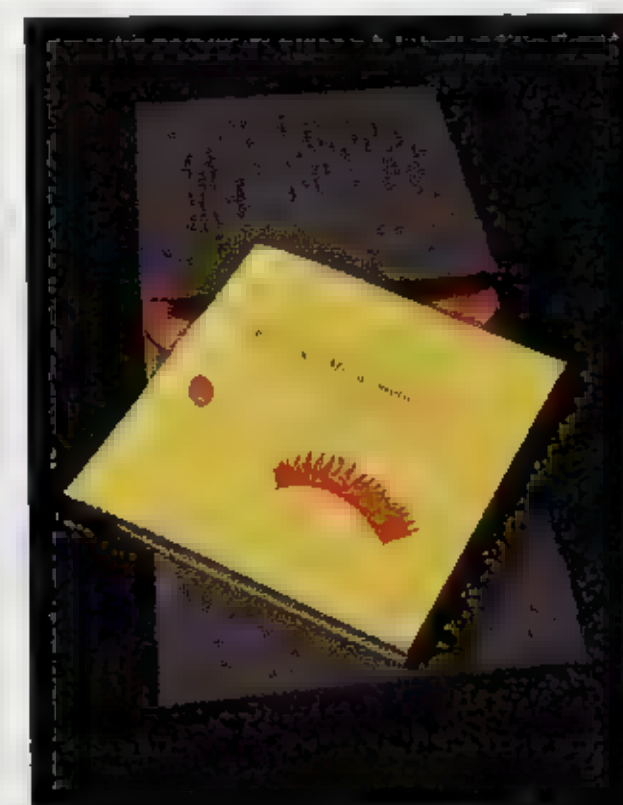


The Biographic Humm

Fact TwentyTwo

This is Fact TwentyTwo's second full length CD release on the Emigre label and remains one of our all-time favorites. Originally published in 1991, Fact TwentyTwo's music was way ahead on the Electronica curve. Fact TwentyTwo's sound has been described in the press as "Depeche Mode-style electropop slamming into a wall of rusty factory parts and

shortwave radios." This record is a true testament to what can be achieved with affordable home recording equipment. Booklet features 12 digital illustrations created by James Tawning, the wizard behind Fact TwentyTwo, that perfectly mirror his musical adventures into the land of digital sampling. 28 Pages with hand-bound hard cover. \$18.00.

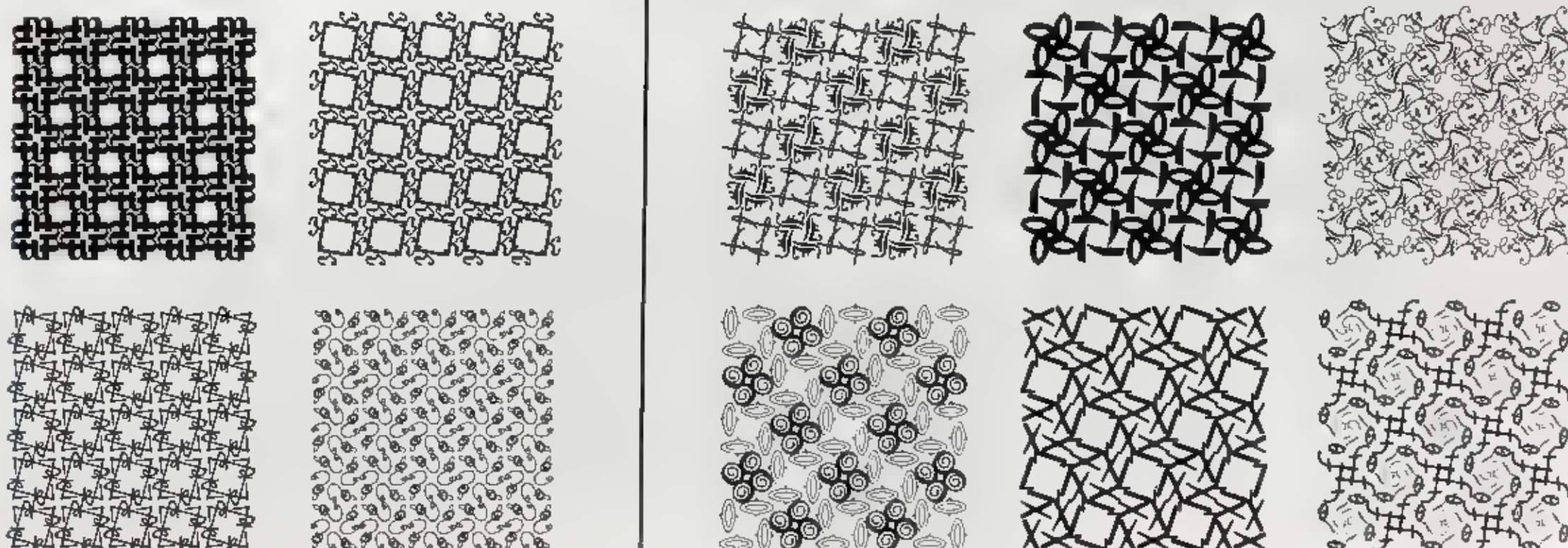
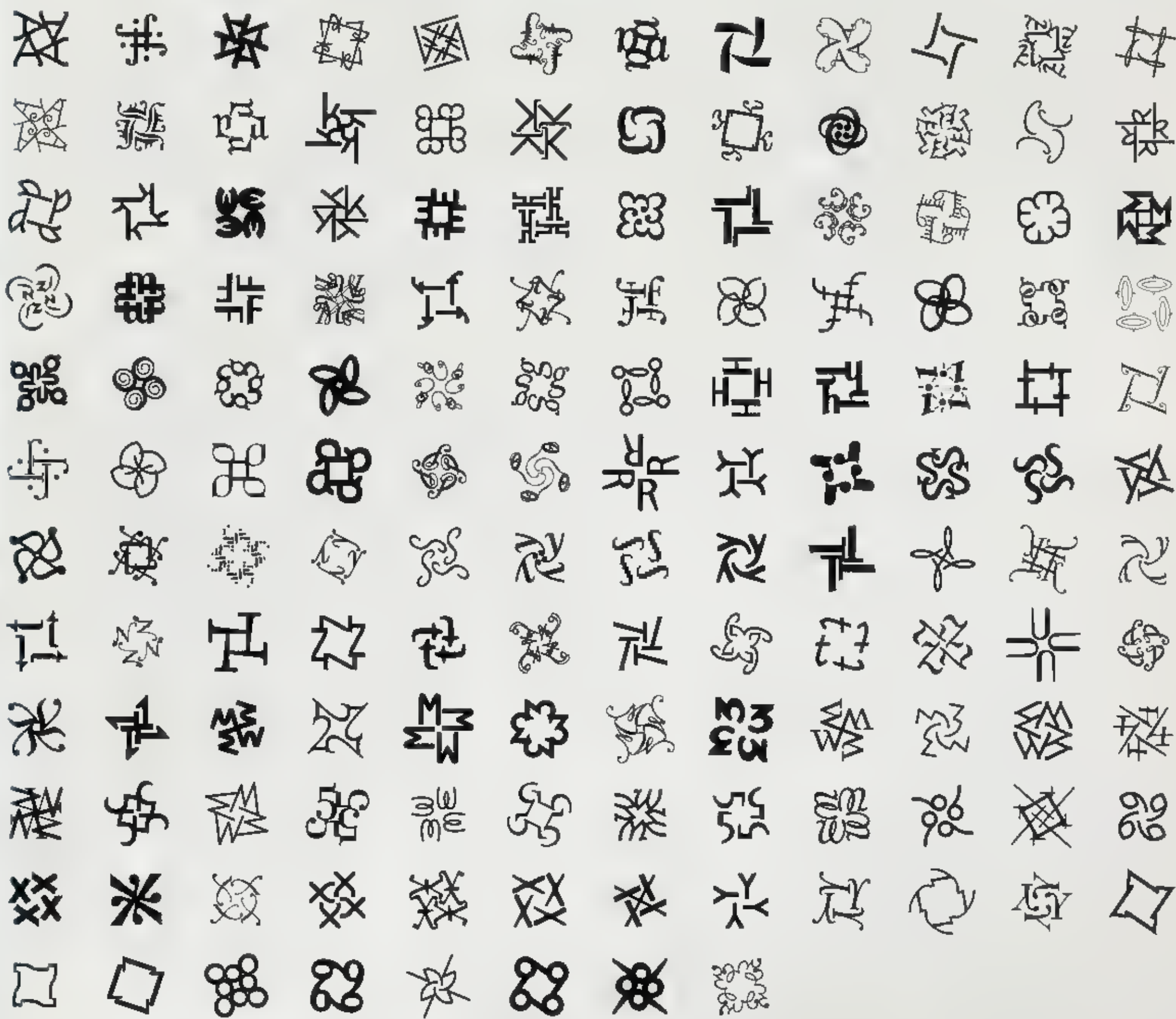


Emigre Music Sampler No.2

From acid jazz to minimalist guitar pop to hip hop, this compilation covers quite some contemporary musical territory. Tracks by The Grassy Knoll, Basehead, P.Scott Makela's AudioAfterBirth, Supercollider, Michael Ivey's BYOB, Bruce Licher's Scenic and others. Presented in a foldout sleeve, printed on a letterpress by Bruce Licher at Independent Project Records. Designed by Rudy VanderLans with a photographic short story by Daniel Olsen. \$15.00.

C

Each Hypnopaedia illustration was created by concentric rotation of a single letterform from the Emigre Fonts library. When repeated, each Hypnopaedia illustration creates a unique pattern of interlocking letter shapes. An infinite variety of patterns can be imposed by combining and alternating the basic 140 Hypnopaedia illustrations.



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Preface: in the following essay, the author freely borrows subtle stylistic nuances from – and pays homage to – a wide variety of sources, including, but not limited to, Lester Bangs, Julie Burchill, R. Meltzer, and Oscar Levant. By doing so he is also offering in-kind support to in-a-similar-situation design brethren Gary Koepke and Peter Arnell. The author also asks, dear reader, the same artistic license you so regularly and willingly give to the visualists whose work adorns these pages, that he finds his words among.

Now that you know, you're good to go! Thank you. Please begin.

REAL LOVE

Or, Fanzines – Love Unlimited!

The Media That Loves You Back! And the Antidote to Objectivity to Boot!

(A brief, modestly hysterical digression on fanzines, you, and the 20th Century)

You walked by a newsstand lately? Looked at the racks in your local Circle K? You visited a Barnes and Noble magazine section or, even better, popped into The Magazine Store (on funky Broadway, between 64th and 65th) and just let the stacks and stacks of bounded paper swallow you whole? Let 'em surround you, tower over you, let their royal glossiness reflect that magic new-issue shine down from on high? Isn't it great?

So while some theorists blubber on and on about the demise of reading and/or the ensuant end of paper and perhaps even the very *E. Of P.* itself (I can't even bear to say it, I just can't), there's no shortage of ink in any of these spots; in fact, there you will find: titles by the ton!

And new ones every month, every day, sometimes every hour. And when one goes under, seems like ten pop up in its place. Too many to keep up with, even if you tried, but that's no problem for Husni Samir of the University of Mississippi, who actually does try to keep up. He's started a Faith-Popcorn-ish cottage industry just keeping track of them all, every one. And he renders his opinion each now and then in *USA Today* and handicaps 'em sorta *Daily Racing Form* "Rail-Bird" style. Imagine that: so many new magazines over the past decade that some university squack gets paid, and achieves nominal Warholian fame, just for writing them all down.

Real Love by Bill Gubbins

raw/CWB)

◆ The Vegetable Liberation Front ◆

1. It's likely that many folks will take exception to the tactics of the V.L.F. They're a new organization that seeks to liberate the captive foods of supermarket and organic shops alike. Much of this describes their technique for brazenly walking into stores and freeing the produce. They also set forth their principles in doing so: that food should not be gathered up, confined, then ruled away only to be picked over by shoppe

◆Panty Waste◆

This sweet little hand-written publication is totally devoted to undies—and the people who love them. Here's where you'll find detailed descriptions of your favorite and least favorite pair of panties (accompanied by fun or xeroxes), handy tips on when it's time to toss those pants, kinds of underwear men like, and more. There's even a section on how to not wear any panties at all. Under-riffic.
W. W. W. Columbus, OH 43207

So, none of this end of anything now, 'cause: this is the *Golden Age* of magazines, kiddo! Here's a flat-out, fact-checkable fact: there are more magazines now than ever, ever before in the history of this here home we call world.

T'wern't always so. I can remember the guy showing up at Boardman Drugs with a single box containing the latest magazines for my neck of Ohio, a box that included *everything* new for that week, and I do mean the latest *Life*, *Look*, *Time*, *Saturday Evening Post* and even *Ramparts* and *Song Hits* and *Modern Sewing*. All in one box. One box!

But I was at Tower Books in Nashville, Tennessee, the other week (on a Saturday!) and the latest shipment was all over the place, big shrink-wrapped sacks, each with at least 50-75+ issues. They had three people unloading the damn things and stumbling and bumbling over themselves and their loyal customers as they did so. The kicker: they now get two or three of these shipments every week! And these shipments are packaged chock full of the latest in periodically dispatched entertainment.

Let's see . . . There's *Pet Cat*, *Pet Dog*. *Tattoo This*, *Collect That*. *Early Rock*, *Late Rock*, *Pet Rock*. *Left-Handed Fisherman*, *Shoes of The Fishermen*, and then, of course, *Fishwrap*. On and on. *Colors*, *Buzz*, *Blur*, *Brew*, *Blew*. Just the titles alone'll kill ya. On and on it goes, I think I may start crying.

And there's got to be magazine readers by the ton, too, or these titles wouldn't be making the handsome profits they *all* do!

. . . Or is it just that there are more creators out there, those who dream the *big dream* of starting their own web-offset collections? And that this outflow of new titles is all some horrible self-fulfillment-ing prophecy where these lonely people see all the titles on the stands, figure there must be a need (and everyone's getting rich, right?), and they go starting their own, adding to the clutter, and encouraging everyone else to throw their own creations into the mix, like a new-title Möbius strip of Gilbert 120-pound glossy. Whoa, boy: there must be more people starting their own magazines than writing spec screenplays or learning Photoshop to become spot illustrators!

But before all you inveterate magazine lovers get carried away in this titles-galore euphoria, remember that this sweet success for magazines does have a sinister twist, a dirty little secret that few can stand to face. And it's a secret that fits in perfectly with the *thematical* constraints of this particular *Emigre*. That secret – don't tell a soul – is that our world is not filled with magazines, no, no, no, all these titles are really just, really just . . . *fanzines*. Yup: *fanzines*, one and all.

Yes sir, that's what they are. *Fanzines*! *Fanzines*: that's what's fueling all of this hot paper *gush* that's pumping through the pounding presses, heading right to the wholesaler's shredder (after a brief cameo preen at your local mag rack, of course).

What? They're all *fanzines*? *House & Garden*? *Icon*? *Champ Car*

98? Fanzines? Yes indeedy, doody, daddy. Really? Is this what it's all come to - fanzines? Am I sure this is the end of the line, fanzines? Yes, I am, Debbie, yes I am. To track this through, though, to fully make my point, we must start at the beginning, the beginning of our fair century.

Now in the beginning of this century there were books and there were magazines, but just a few. But what there were, in glorious abundance, were newspapers; many, many of them. And virtually all were general, not specific. They assembled general information about a wide variety of subjects of general interest in a general way for the general masses located in the general cities they purported to generally cover. And this general-issimo became so deeply ingrained editorially that it took many years before they figured out to even have a separate sports section! (How the Times has changed, huh?)

Why? Cause people back then - sigh - were just more general than they are today. They were interested in a wider variety of things. People were encouraged to have a broader knowledge base. Remember when it was good to be "well-rounded"? We're much more specific. Yes, we have changed. We like to have crisp, clean *hard* edges, like the envelopes we always talk about pushing the edge - uh, boundaries, of.

Speaking of boundaries, as the century's worn on, we've ceased being parts of the whole and dissolved into becoming parts . . . of sub-cultures. Know anyone who presents themselves as a "generalist" these days? Heck no you don't, you know your friends by what they're "into," are they Mac, are they straight, are they a Mason, whatever.

And the start of this transformative change was, ta-da: fanzines.

See, somewhere in all that general, way back when, came a specific epiphany. Someone, the president of the Fatty Arbuckle Fan Club, say, decided that there was more specific information about Fatty than could ever be included in the various - general - local daily newspapers. On the flip side, there were many, many people whose Fatty interest was far greater than the limited F.A. stuff they'd publish in, say, *The New York World* or *The Youngstown Vindicator*.

Therefore, out of this informational supply/demand crisis came: you guessed it. I.e., let's collect all the information about Fatty in a, in a, in a . . . magazine! Hot dog! And let's leave out everything that's not related to Fatty! And we'll call it *Arbuckle Monthly* and have a big color photo of F. on the cover and many, many more inside because . . . since we're not covering anything else, we'll have plenty of space!

So, thus, out of the loins of Fan Clubs was born: The Fanzine (yes, another manifestation of the frivolous festoonery of western civilization, or specifically the US in, uh, general).

And you know what? This strategy worked! Publishers became so envious of the profits (to say nothing of the editorial

Dear Emigre,

With sharpened pencil in hand I felt compelled to write/respond to the misguided readers of your magazine who fail to see what you are trying to accomplish. I have a degree in graphic design. In college I actually invested in your first issue, for I then saw your vision and wanted to help you along. I do not work in graphics - I work in sales (Booo!). Most graphic designers would curl their toes at this thought. However, I consider it "Anthropological Advertising." I deal in conceptualizing and client meetings on a daily basis for - of all things - a newspaper! Does this sound dull? Oh no, *mon frere*! For in the commercial realm lies the meat of our culture.

Those who would dare put *Emigre* near a TV Guide should start staring at blank walls now, as yours is a very participatory magazine. Unlike most - unlike TV - it is filled with information on how people see. Information gives knowledge. Speaking with clients and helping them gel their ideas is my *raison d'être*. Design is behind it all - if you disagree with me, go sip your soup! The hardest part is conceptualizing the real meaning. Your magazine has the intellect of Einstein. Play and experiment with type and layout all you want, to your little heart's desire. You make people make decisions. What can you, or any other designers crave more? This is the reason for design in the first place (A long forgotten idea - regenerated now with early graphics showing us in hindsight what our culture was thinking and doing). Make me think - I dare you! You haven't failed yet.

Information is the crux of our society, and *Emigre* has always had the foresight to think how to best stimulate the senses. Tweak your audience. There are quite a few of us out here who enjoy it. Continue your experiment, I feel it is going to be a great success - look at what has been accomplished up to now. Please sign me up for another four issues. I'd even pay with the ads - although you can spot work not designed by you in a heartbeat (the downside).

Thanks for including commerce in the equation. It's the one thing most designers fear. I enjoy sifting through the debris to help an idea to fruition. Your magazine helps in this way. May you have great commercial and intellectual success in 1998 and beyond.

Fondly,

Patricia Hoffman, Martensburg, WV

ease) these titles generated, that over the years they slowly shut down all their "general" titles and started hunting for every possible specific subject (and sub-subject, then eventually sub-sub-subject) to launch new maga - uh, fanzines, about. And that explains why we now have *Central American Skateboarder*, *Classic Fencing*, and even *Liesheet 5*.

Yes - this paradigm has been so successful over the past 50 years that it has done whupped the publishing generalists so badly that it might as well be Muhammad Ali standing over the just-knocked-out Sonny Liston shouting for him to get up off the canvas in the classic Neil Leifer shot.

And the victory of fanzines can be seen in every successful magazine and new title published today. They are all single-subject, narrowly organized, absolutely fawning about their subject matter - just like fanzines. So, it doesn't matter if it's *Mother Jones*, *Mother Earth*, *Modern Maturity*, *Mode*, or *Modem*: fanzines, one and all. (Though, sadly, some are still trying to pass themselves off as maga-zines - they just haven't come out yet.)

The general is dead, long live the specific. Why? We don't want to waste time trying to judge each and every story in each and every publication for its possible benefit to us; that's too much effort, and we just don't have time for all that damn work! We want to pick something up and know that, yes, each and every image and word in it is going to be about something we're already interested in, pre-subject-tually organized for our reading pleasure and comfort.

So, let's back up and ponder, academic style, what, exactly, is a "fanzine," and how, precisely, does a paper collective gain admittance to this bracket and why have I made the audacious claim that all these titles are f'zines? Once you understand "how I got there," then you can decide if I'm onto a major ontological breakthrough or not.

There are many, many misconceptions regarding fanzines and I will try to dispel as many of them as your attention span permits. Quick example: the editor of this very magazine you're so gently cradling upon your lap believes one key criterion is that a fanzine cannot be published by a large, possibly conglomerative, mainstream publishing company. Now with all the due respect that R. deserves, I must state that this has nothing, whatsoever, to do with it.

So, what exactly is a fanzine (and what is not)? Well, away we go.

The key things, are the following.

1. A FANZINE IS MONOTHEMATIC.

It's just about one thing, the narrower, the more specific, the better. And a fanzine stays away from any subject matters out of this thin area of discourse. (This monothematism starts the category wide open for many inclusionary uses. Your mother's scrapbook, for example, is really a fanzine

WB) ... digest ...

Pour Some Sugar On Me

Summer '97. There's the sloppy "gimme the scissors and a *SPIN* magazine" school of layout and then there's people who take pains to put something much more creative together. Erin's zine definitely belongs to the latter. Her writing is about all sorts of punk and personal str... lays it out with ... harm and ... topic of ...

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Real Love

mailto:hoffo@arycas.club.cc.cmu.edu

Tiki News

#10. The premier zine covering every aspect of tiki culture, lounge
exotic drinks, and primitivistic art. Wow! "Sven-Tiki" wrote a great feature
on "Tiki TV." He goes all the way back to 1959 with the creation of the three
detective shows including *Hawaiian Eye*, set in Honolulu. David Smay dug
up a photo of the original *Charles Willeford*; Michael David Toth took us to the
island. Don't
the best

about your family - provided it fulfills the categories
below.)

In a way, fanzines were the first infomercials. They were
devoted to just one thing and they wanted you to love it,
then buy it.

2. A FANZINE'S SUBJECT MATTER MUST BE AN OBJECT OF DESIRE.

If something can be loved and lusted after, then it can - and
should - have its own fanzine. Fanzines started out primarily
about movie stars, but as our fetishes and d-d-desires have
increased ever so preponderously over the past 50 years, so
have the subjects of fanzines. Fifty years ago who would have
thought - ever dreamt in their wildest dreams! - there would
be people fetishizing - lusting after - gardens, cigars,
baseball cards, trees? Well, they are, and each one of these
activities needs - and gets - its very own fanzine(s).

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Real Love

And yes we've got to talk about fetish here and now 'cause
that's what a good fanzine is all about. Where else but in a
fanzine can you have fetish without limits, whether it's a
Glock 30, a Porsche 959, or Leonardo DiCaprio's face? And a
fanzine takes this fetishism to new portable heights; you can
read about it, look at pics of it, savor it, all while taking
it to bed, into the bathroom, etc.

3. A FANZINE LACKS OBJECTIVITY ABOUT ITS SUBJECT MATTER, AND UNASHAMEDLY SO.

In other words, you're not going to read about Andrea Dworkin
in *Leg Show*, you're not going to read about Benny Goodman in
Spin, or the glories of Marilyn Manson in *American Heritage*.
A fanzine does nothing to challenge the beliefs of its
readers - ever. Hey, no critical thinking here - if you're
going to think analytically about the subject matter, pal,
you can just back out the driveway right now. Obsessions,
that's what fanzines are all about. With no objectivity to
break their wonderful healing spell.

Now in journalism, in *maga-zines*, we're all used to
"objectivity," the 4Ws, or pyramid leads and all that but
especially the patina, the veneer of object-itivity. Hey,
Chief, there are certainly things you *don't* want objectivity
about. You just want to lean back and believe them, love them
to death. Sight unseen, let the good times roll, nothing neg-
ative, right? Who wants neg stuff, anyway? Certainly not
about something you love, that you desire.

4. A FANZINE IS ADDICTIVE AND TRANSFORMS ITS READERS.

Like cocaine, a fanzine will never tell you when you've had
too much of it. It doesn't care, it just gives you more and
more and more - you just can't stop.

In fact, not unlike a drug, the evil fanzine goal (long-
term side effect?) is at some point to have you cross over
and think you and the fanzine's subject matter are . . . one
and the same. Yes! Freudian transference *does* take place: the

magazine, the subject matter, and you, are all the same, one and the. So, if you don't believe you're the garden, the tree, or Leonardo DiCaprio, then you have not been reading a good fanzine in the first place, my American friend.

So, after this transference, you think you're the one who's so damn funny. And pretty soon, you want a pin-up of yourself on somebody's wall (preferably your own). And then, well, since you're so important, isn't it about time there was a fanzine just about you.*

5. A FANZINE IS FOR OBSESSIVE-COMPULSIVES.

Fanzine readers have to keep up with every single scrap of information and every new visage of their object of desire, and they get very nervous if they feel they've missed something, anything. (Just like you, for example, and - heh, heh - me, too. Who in the heck but an obsessive-compulsive would read a magazine about typography? But, as you will see when you read point 6 below, *Emigre* is not a fanzine.)

Sadly, such obsessional tensions are usually indicative of life emptiness and suggest a candidacy for a lonely-hearts club affiliation of some kind or another, and yes this is true and it applies as much to me as it does to you.

6. A FANZINE SUPPLIES IMAGES FOR YOUR WALL.

A fanzine is built to be destroyed, torn up, ripped and de-stapled, and that's okay. For fanzines I loved (like *Jazz & Pop*) I'd buy two copies, one to slice and dice, the other to read, to keep, to savor.

One common mistake with today's fanzines, BTW, is that designers (never Fabien Baron, though) always want to go spreadin' type and crazy stuff all over the full-page beauty shots that are meant to be cut out and pasted up. Wrong-o: it's just not as cool having that picture of Pantera on your bedroom wall if it's got type running all over it.

7. A FANZINE IS NEVER CREATED BY AN "EDITOR."

The people who create/edit fanzines are correctly called *fanitors*, which, of course, is a radically different concept than editors and ask me to show you how!

Fanitors must love the subject matter; they must love it even more than you do. You cannot fake a fanzine. Fans smell a false fanzine a mile away.

Great *Fanitors* are figureheads who embody the object-fetish fantasies of the readers and actually get closer to the subjects than the readers ever could. And that is part of a great fanzine's mystical *Allure* (a fanzine about make-up? Yes indeed, and a damn good one by the way). Hall of Fame *fanitors* like Gloria Stavers (and later Danny Fields) at *16*, David Davis at *Car & Driver* (now at *Automobile*), Richard and Lisa Robinson at *Rock Scene*, Annette Michelson at *Artforum*, et al., all bear witness to this point.

* At some point, we have to separate fanzine from the ever-popular term "zine." Now most zines are buck awful and plug stupid to boot. They're nothing but underground newspapers without the refreshing political appeal. And since the good "zines" (*Ben Is Dead*) are fanzines anyway, I don't know why they had to take the "fan" out of it in the first darn place. Most bad-zines are created by people who have abused fanzines during their formative years and became over-transformed.

In other words, after reading too many fanzines, and after transference has taken place, these zine creators have begun to feel that they themselves are important and so they go out and create a magazine about this importance and about all the things they're interested in, and - here's the key point - since they aren't really important to begin with, we don't have the same interest in them and their petty hobgoblins as we would if they were. In still other words, what's usually missing is the "to lust for" subject matter that makes a fanzine a fanzine in the first place.

My list is done now, so, before I morph out of academia, do allow me to summarize: And a fanzine is just love, love, love; love for its subject matter, love for you. Most important, a fanzine is a magazine that you love and it loves you back! Fanzines speak your secret language, you always agree with them, they treat you like you're somebody, not just the reader, the meat, like *Critique* or *Time* or *October*. They treat you in a very special way.

Now, as we get near closing time - last call for words - I've got to be sure to address my main missions, the question I've been asked to ponder: what influence have fanzines had on contemporary design?

Well a lot, because fanzines loosened up graphic design, especially in the late 40s and 50s, when they helped (along with comic books) remove the stick up the doopah of contemporary magazine design when all the Bradbury-Thompson-Lester-Beall-Paul-Rand types and their ice-cold modernism were running roughshod over the fibers of the printed page.

In short, fanzines did to magazine design (and to all the slick modernist designers - except my man Alexey Brodovitch) what rock and roll did to music: it shook everybody up a little bit!

In fact, in this light, fanzines are the equivalent of Las Vegas. Crazy talk?

Well, let me take you down: In 1976, the architect Robert Venturi wrote a very influential book called *Learning from Las Vegas: The Forgotten Symbolism of Architectural Form*. Now the premi of this book was that in the rush to look down their snooty noses at anything vernacular, the "modernist" Bauhaus crowd had really missed a great opportunity to witness what architecture would look like without architects (or at least without formally schooled architects).

And Venturi said, "Hey sailors, let's not dismiss this stuff so quickly." He said: Let's look at Las Vegas as if it were a laboratory for the stoo-pid and see if there's any fun stuff the bozos who wouldn't have known Le Corbusier from Courvoisier just stumbled on, that we can, you know, "learn" from and spin some fancy names ("Hey Walter, what do you think of 'post-modern?'"") and a few coffee table books out of. And Bobby was pretty smart 'cause many new architectural movements came out of looking at these dopey casinos and gas stations. And soon - yes! - the chokehold of the Bauhaus had been broken.

Okay, you still drillin' the well with me? So, as Las Vegas legitimized the abandonment of stiff-bucket architectural modernism, so fanzines did for magazine design. Like Vegas, fanzines were designed by, if not total rank amateurs, at least people who really didn't know any better, and - most important - didn't have any movements or schools to conform to/be judged by.

So, yes, a *TeenSet*, a *Confidential*, a *Photoplay*, a *Surfing*, all resided in the consciousness of the influential designers (like: George Lois, Mike Salisbury, Big Daddy Roth) of the 60s, who helped break up all the Bauhaus-Party rules the first time.

That's it, fin-uto, you can stop reading, cause I'm done writing.

But one last question before we call it a night: anybody out there seen the general lately? Cause I'll be damned if I can find it anywhere. And I just thought . . . it ought to have a proper burial, 'cause, you know, it was so big, for so long.

If you run into it anywhere, you'll give me a call, won't you?

END

Bill Gubbins has nothing to say about himself at this particular time.

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Real Love

wanted. Price: \$1.50. Kinchee Velveeda, 81573 N. Milwaukee, IL 60622—URL: mailto:Kinchee@AOL.com (40 p.)

◆ Dr. Ducky DooLittle Presents ◆ Auto

Another mini from Dr. Ducky. This one was created for the occasion of Ducky's visit to Los Angeles. After being informed that she needed an automobile in Los Angles, she decided to create this pamphlet for all the LA drivers who are stuck in traffic. It's a simple glossary of terms that relate to stimulation and pleasure. We all know by now what autofellatio is, but ever heard of autocunnilingus or autoflagellation. Or how about ilia, "the seeking of sexual satisfaction by imagining oneself to be statement. Price: \$1. D. Shurb, Night & Day

Postlude: back to Nashville . . . And then after they finished unloading the new magazines, they carted the old unsold titles out of Tower Books. And there were stacks and stacks of them too; and it didn't matter if you were *Männer*, *Vogue* or *Tricycle* or *Vegetarian Times* or even the last issue of *Emigre* itself, or if you were created by a big company or a small one, or if your stock is publicly traded or if you have a car service that waits for you everyday at lunch, or if you're all alone out in nowhere creating this stuff, cause, baby, if you're unsold, you're going to the same place: the shredder. Cause they all get ground up together, *Close Shave* next to *Commonweal*, *ESPN Magazine* next to *Emerge*, *Ad Age* next to *Adbusters*, the long dance of the un-sold-through titles all headin' out there to the dumpster then to the land fill of the gone magazines, out there, way out there on the barge of death, one of those Egyptian barges, to the shrine of dead paper.

And isn't there a priest, a high priest, from a religion of some sort, to say a last rite to all the dead gobs that you and I toil so hard on, that never found their way to spark anyone's mind, never found a way to pry that buck outta somebody's pocket? All goin' out to that same sad lonely place.

And you can watch all these lonely unsold-through titles get whacked and you can get a tear in your eye, as you stare out, like Dirk Bogarde in *Death In Venice* watching his future love just walk away, Renee. And watch 'em get ground up into dust, to be used in some future particle board that will build the house your grandchildren will live in, in some lonely time up there on ahead.

So this piece, that you've just finished the arduous task of reading, is dedicated to all the magazine rack jobbers everywhere, forever more. Those brave men and women who bring 'em in by the skid. And grind 'em up by the skid, too.

Bless you all, said Tiny Tim, bless you all. And good night.

(And it's dedicated to Kathy Acker, too.)

SPECULATIONS

A Book Review Gone Awry, a Search for Meaning, Some Letters, RuPaul, and Other Transformation
(A RESPONSE TO CURRENT WORK BY THIRST - IN THREE PARTS)

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Speculations by Denise Gonzales Crisp



Cover of *The Good Life: Bliss in the Hills*, a book produced by Thirst. 1997.



Cover of "Want," the first issue of the quarterly magazine [****] produced and published by Thirst. 1997.

PART 1

BY DEBORAH GRIFFIN

Ken, my editor, pushes a large, flat book across his desk and asks "What do you make of this?"

The cover looks like a Big Top decorated in TV test pattern hues; a barbed, gray eye seems to wink, promising thrills and delight; and the title, *The Good Life: Bliss in the Hills*, taunts loudly like a barker. "Is the circus in town?" I ask, picking it up. Its lightness surprises me. I'm more accustomed to reviewing thick volumes with lugubrious titles that spill across the cover like melting gold.

Inside are images of families at home staged with stock-photo clarity and listerine freshness. But something is horribly wrong! Each familial scene is being invaded by all manner of cyber-goopy unpleasantness. A little girl stands under the spell of a domineering domestic made of hardened honey. Green flubbery globs propel themselves from kitchen to dinner table as mom serves dad and sons, including a new family member built or incubated in the lab. A pre-teenage boy has been undone by "Michael Jacqsin" face cream and an overzealous "derma-technologist." I examine the bathroom mirror that serves as backdrop to this last drama and see the reflection of a slightly menacing figure peering through a doorway, his face and beard a red glow. "Who's that?" I ask, pointing the phantom out. Ken offers with a smile, "A naughty goblin?"

Actually, it's the ringmaster responsible for orchestrating these plays of mock disaster, Rick Valicenti. Though written, designed and produced with members of his design collective, Thirst, Valicenti reigns: from the opening page explaining that the book commemorates his 45 birthdays, 25 years of marriage and 2 years working at home, to scenes peopled by real-life families—including his own—from his suburban, pastoral "hood." The mannered, digitally-hyped images correspond to other promotions Thirst has designed for Gilbert Papers—the company that financed the project, and that supplied the paper upon which *Bliss* frolics.

What makes such a subject worthy of Gilbert's promotional dollar and of interest to the audience receiving it? Is it that the piece is "personal?" Has the self—that private aspect which distinguishes each of us—become the latest commodity? Absolut-ly. The old images of advertising—stilted families, over-confident executives and high society gatherings—are being replaced by everyday people [TOYOTA], Hadley who screws up the computer network [IBM] and neighborhood watering holes [MILLER.] Narrative promotions now render images of "reality," stories that signify intimacy and personality, stories that also, by the way, draw consumption ever closer to internal life. But a parallel—and seemingly opposite—trend has surfaced as well: ads that flatter hardened consumers by asking them to identify with the strange and fantastic. Campaigns that seduce with understated slogans such as "Think different," or amuse with dexterous pets. Are these stories of the brilliant and the peculiar our stories? Not likely. The ads work because these characters are curiosities at whom we may stare.

Bliss in the Hills dramatizes both trends, combining them in fascinating ways that seem to comment on their substance. But the outrageous treatment also subdues critical intentions, if they exist. Graphic designers may extract more from the book than I. The pertinent point is that it feels content-rich. Another company, Mohawk Papers, also

ventured into content recently. A designer friend sent me a perfect-bound paper promotion entitled *Medium*, designed by the international firm Pentagram. It features essays by erudite writers including Janet Abrams, an English design critic, and the Romanian émigré Andrei Cordrescu. Pretty meets pith. Consumers who discard handsome fluff might collect handsome substance.

So, let's say content is in, that CEO's across the country are requesting content like they used to ask for "snap." This can be dangerous territory. Calvin Klein offered content when it referenced lascivious videophiles who lure teenagers into wood-paneled motel rooms. Benetton belly-flopped in the U.S. with its infamous "political consciousness" approach, attaching its name to, among other things, desperate refugees and an AIDS victim whose suffering rivaled martyred saints. The fact that public rejection forced these companies to discontinue part or all of their campaigns proved that some of the content of life is better left to the shadowy recesses of, well, life. But is this not Content? Isn't the stuff of life like the tasty Bit-o-honey that sticks to your teeth and pulls out fillings? A glossy magazine rolled and poised to snuff out innocent bugs?

But commerce's acceptable content is what can be presented by talking chihuahuas and waifs who command everyone to "just be." Nobody is disturbed by them (except maybe Mexican-Americans and existentialists.) These characters are anomalies, after all, easily dismissed exceptions that prove the rule. Maybe the fact that Oliviero Toscani — Benetton's art director — chose to exploit misery to identify the company isn't what made people uneasy. They just couldn't bear that he was actually serious about it all. Opening private homes to public scrutiny is potentially pithy. I think of the Loud family, or more recently, anyone who exposes their life to the media. But advertising's limits seem to have destined Bliss to be a bizarre sit-com. Any squeak of vulnerability is muffled by a tongue in the cheek. The mishaps have been wrought, not by man's hand, but by "an occasional glitch in the software." ¹ On facing pages, puckish symbols adorn exclamations, puns and goofy clichés; all deliver like punchlines. This is, finally, an elaborate ad land.

One of the many talents advertising and design professionals possess is a genius for locating symbols that mean, then converting them to spectacle. These creatives have a radar that can turn a blip on the culture screen into a full campaign concept. Today's blips are fairly sophisticated. With *Bliss*, for instance, Thirst alludes to that simulacra thing, some post-human theory, a bit of fin-de-siècle techno-humanism and juggles them with the carefree aplomb of a court jester. None of us needs to know what these notions point to, or even that they exist. Just as Envy and Contradiction, two new fragrances on the market, needn't spell out the crisis of religion or the postmodern condition. As long as the signs — the form, the objects, the words — imply viscera at the core. What it all means in advertising is that it has content.

Artists, designers and ad people translate actual experience into meaningful experience. Why or how it is meaningful varies with what is being sold. Commercial artists represent "real" experience through clichés, abstraction, kitsch or irony. They've used "edgy" form to suggest some gritty center and boxed blurry faces inside black jittery frames. Now they're giving comic book dimension to culture theory and social paranoia. In short, they will apply depraved form to sell anything, but the subject can never be about depravity.

Subject: Something to consider
 Date: Fri, 06 Feb 98 12:04:45 -0700
 From: dcrisp@directnet.com
 To: dgriffin@thewell.net
 Mime-Version: 1.0

Hey Deb:

Got your package. The design essays are overall pretty good. But, as your "designer friend," I need to alert you regarding the piece on Thirst's "Bliss."

It's true that paper companies send out those die-cut-vellumed-wiro-bound-arbitrarily-themed-metaphor booklets as adverts. Used to be entertaining as a three-ring circus, now they're just annoying. "Bliss," though, isn't exactly advertising, even with its die-cut vellum pages and metallic ink. I think the thing is paid for by a program called Friends of Gilbert that underwrites personal projects developed by designers. It's more like grant money or something; it helps commercial artists realize non-commercial ideas.

I know you - ever the cynic. You're saying it's still advertising. Not that I wouldn't see your point. Lately, paper company promos are to the design culture what Coke ads are to the larger culture. Paper as a product is so integrated into design, and designers so jaded, that mfrs. have had to get damn subtle. Just like Nike, whose ads are starting to look/sound like poetry or art film.

Still, can't you credit the company for funding "R&D" in graphic design, for endorsing that whole designer-as-author thing? Maybe you should write, instead, about the book in the context of limited edition "artist books?"

That's it. Good luck with the anthology...and let's talk soon.

Denise

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Speculations

PART 2

1.
 I refer the reader to the following excerpt from *Techno*, the Sci-Fi mystery by pulp writer Cheri Newcastle, (New York, Starlight Books; 1998).

It was disconcerting to be suddenly two-dimensional. Out of the corners of her eyes, Priss could see her hands splayed to the left and right of her head. She was in a flat world now, spread as thin as film against the smooth curve of the television screen. What a disagreeable way to conduct her inquiries, she thought, but it would have to do. Thankful to Standish for offering the use of his ever evolving Biorecon Transport System, she still wished he had prepared her for the sensation that she was about to disappear.

To shake it off, Priss attended to the vapor of color floating before her. Queasiness swelled as she tried to collect the RGB dots into images. Slowly she was able to make out vague shapes, and within a few moments could see details, then complete forms. Luck was with her - the first thing she recognized was one of the interviewees from her list. He jumped at seeing her there.

"Who the hell are you?" The surprise in his voice exaggerated his Mexican accent.

"Priscilla Kemp, private investigator. I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"In case you didn't notice, I'm in the middle of a commercial here." This was true. But by now, everything else on the screen had stopped. The other players peered through her in mute stillness.

"This was the only way to reach you, Dinky. Please, if you could spare a moment."

The chihuahua looked back to see his world suspended around him. He shrugged in resignation, raised one brow and mumbled through tiny lips "Qué quieres?"

"To find out how you do that, how you make your eyes behave like that, how you make your lips move. You're a dog."

"To you I'm a dog. To them," he pointed his snout over her shoulder, indicating the world outside, "I'm a hero."

"You're a freak of nature!"

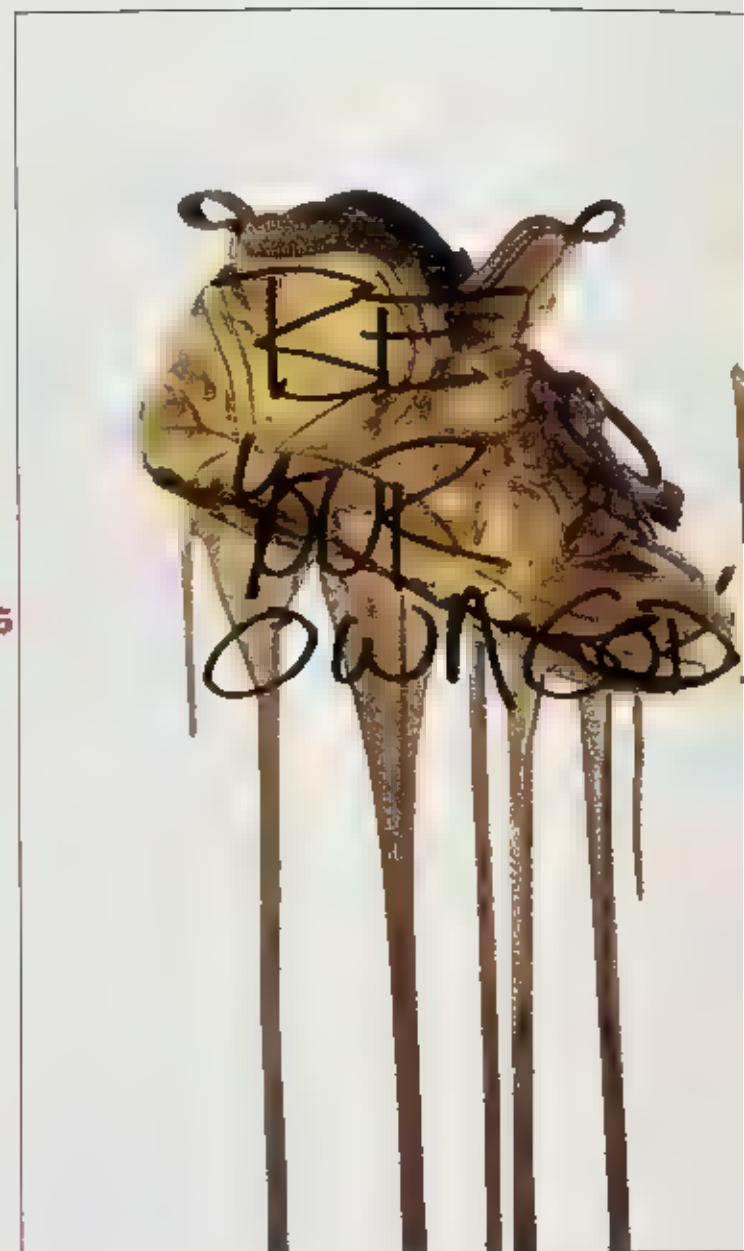
"It's a job, señorita. What's your excuse?"

Suddenly captivated by the reality that she was conversing with a dog, Priss dismissed his sarcasm in favor of getting to the point. "Who made you? Who pays for your kibble?"



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Speculations



Cover and interior pages from "Want,"
the first issue of the quarterly
magazine [****] published by Thirstype.

PART 3

Dear [****],
I snagged your "magazine" from a colleague and keep it stashed in the top drawer of my desk. I'll be on the phone or something and I'll open the drawer to feel the gold-skinned cover. Then the word "Want" draws me in. I'm compelled to pull the book out to touch the insides: stiff and rough against smooth and gloss. Then I'm enticed by bright colors and hip people begging me to covet them, which I do. I DO! Finally, those icons of our vices like Nikes, Barbie, cosmetics, and ashtrays all dripping in gold send me over the top. I have fantasies about biting the heads off chickens like the mother in Katherine Dunn's *Geek Love* - Crystal Lil is her name, in case you haven't read it. You'd like it. And then I realize that I totally identify with the Mexican guy in the story who dies a fiery death trying to win a luxury sedan on the *Telemundo* game show. Wow! Did you ever see *Videodrome*? I just want to open up my solar plexus and stuff that baby inside so it will PLAY ME. What are you - some kind of freak?

ANONYMOUS

Dear [****],
A friend gave me a copy of your "Want" issue for my birthday. So I gave it a look. Icky. You ever heard of retouching? Those models have moles, and they're sweaty. They look like they smell. No offense, but I think I'll be keeping my subscription to *Vanity Fair*.
MERYL LEE HAINES-BURTON

Dear [****],
After reading/looking at your inaugural issue "Want," I felt as though I had paid my two bits to see Zip and Pip and the three-legged man. I thought this odd, since the people in your book aren't the unfortunate denizens of a tawdry carnival. Your models seem normal enough, except maybe that nipple-less girl in Figure 7. Otherwise, my association seemed unfounded, until I realized that "Want" had shaken out another memory, feelings I'd had upon seeing the movie *Freaks*. The film is notable, certainly, for its title and subject matter, but also for its horrific ending. So-called pinheads, dwarfs, midgets, limbless men and armless women seem to crawl from the depths of hell, slither and hop through black mud to seize a beautiful but wicked "norm" who had exploited and abused one of their own. Through a thundering downpour we hear the woman's desperate screams. The next sound we hear is squawking from a pen in a side-show. Billed as the grotesque "Bird Woman," the norm has been reduced to a truncated torso the shape of a fat turkey without its feet. We are spared the details of her demise, (a favor that probably would not be bestowed had the film been made today,) but we can imagine the worst.

Well, these politically correct nineties would never endorse such exploitation, unless one counts those coffee table art books or sensitively produced movies such as *Forrest Gump*. Or one of those "my-otherwise-perfect-husband-is-a-serial-

He glared at her. "First off, I eat tacos. What, do you live in a cave? Second, I don't know. My lips and face itch, then I talk and I get paid. In tokens, if you must know, for free food. They come in my mail box every month - no postage, no return address, no thanks, no nothing. Just the tokens."

Priss considered asking for one to run fingerprints, but realized her flat state would not accommodate its dimension. Sensing that the interview was leading nowhere, she thanked him curtly for his time and watched him return to his task.

She spent hours adhered to the screen like this, sometimes enduring long stretches of reruns and infomercials before encountering anyone she needed to question. During these interludes she rehearsed what she knew. It seemed to have started with the grim accounts of typefaces squeezed this way and that. Then the vagrant pixels and toner-junky alphabets started to surface in droves, enough to interest the authorities. Next came the blurring, tweaking, and swirling. Priss shuddered, recalling the first time she had seen one such victim bleaswired, as it was called then, beyond recognition. And there were the lost ones: the missing letters, the faces cut and bleeding off pages or forced to alter their identities, to conform to flawless beauty.

Every time she reviewed the history, it would bring her careening back to her current dead end, to the opaque puzzle she faced. Priss ached in her flatness, felt the burden of elusive clues that had yet to point to the ultimate scheme. For this one thing was most definitely certain: the clues would lead her to one entity. The M.O. was too consistent, and the aftermath was always visual.

(Chapter 2, pp. 54-55)

killer" movies that air on the Lifetime channel. Or on an X-Files episode. Or on a talk 'n sock 'n gawk show. Or... But I digress. To return to my point: the film's conclusion fulfills the very thing we fear of these unfortunates, enacts why we find them simultaneously repulsive, fascinating and pitiable. The people you show trapped behind glass - I watch them, consume them even, but only because I shouldn't want to turn my back on them lest I face some gruesome retaliation for my indiscretion.
PHIL MANNHEIM, NEW YORK

Dear [****],
"Want" seems to be a vague exposé that begs the question "Are we not mannequins?" I can't tell if you meant the book to be so fake that it can only be about biting reality, or to create a world so real that it has to be about pretense. Can you tell me, or will you tease me with a cold, plastic shoulder?
GRETA K. STEELE, ATLANTA

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Speculations

Dear [****],
I'm writing to say how much I LOVE the title of your magazine. The four letter word idea is HUGE. I've been cruising my dictionary for words with FOUR letters and my MIND reels. There's LUST and PAIN and CULT and NUDE (but I guess you've DONE those.) Of course you thought of S***, F***, D***, P***, H***, C***, etc. Would THEY let you do THAT? WELL, anyway. I didn't READ the story yet but I probably WILL. COOL TYPE though. I LOVE the pictures, too. Those people you SHOT are so REAL. I'm in awe. KEEP up the GOOD WORK!
JAKE STRITCH, SAN JOSE

Dear [****],
Is style a four letter word? I'm wondering because when I finished your first issue I could have gone for a cigarette if I smoked. The naked bodies helped, but the look was pretty hot. From the moment I saw the cover, all the way to the cataclysmic climax of the story, I was in a state of euphoric frustration. I cherish it as I would a new pair of half-size-too-small Robert Clergeries, which I won't be able to get for a while because I am subscribing to your magazine (see enclosed.) So be it. I am without, but wallow in my deprivation.
SORRENA GUITAIJ, CHICAGO

Dear [****],
With everything "exposed" like bloody meat on a polished hook, what is there to want? I have your magazine, so it can't be that. Dinner maybe?
CHARLOTTE WELLS, LOS ANGELES

Dear [****],

What a paradoxical fairy tale! First, café youth openly flaunt their "flaws," as well as their sex, like cocky knights and soft-porn princesses. A first-person narrator speaking twenty-something vernacular tells a fantasy story about a day in her life. Then the bludgeoned residue of middle class hope is doused in gold paint and oppressed by glib, guttural scrawls. All is acid color and glitter, except the clichés laced throughout: a cheap family portrait and a backyard snapshot and a deer and a dead beaver next to a woman in a fur coat.

The tale peaks with a final implied moral: Don't watch.² Or maybe, Don't Consume Image-with-a-capital-eye. Which means don't watch me, don't watch them, don't watch TV, or you'll go blind, like the nuns warned would happen if you touched yourself.

Yet I have to watch! I bought your magazine, for heaven's sake. Should I feel admonished, and burn it to atone? If I can't watch them, then I can't watch you. I should think the editors of [****] would know that.

PAULA SAYLES, NEW YORK

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Speculations

PART 2b

2.
Ibid.

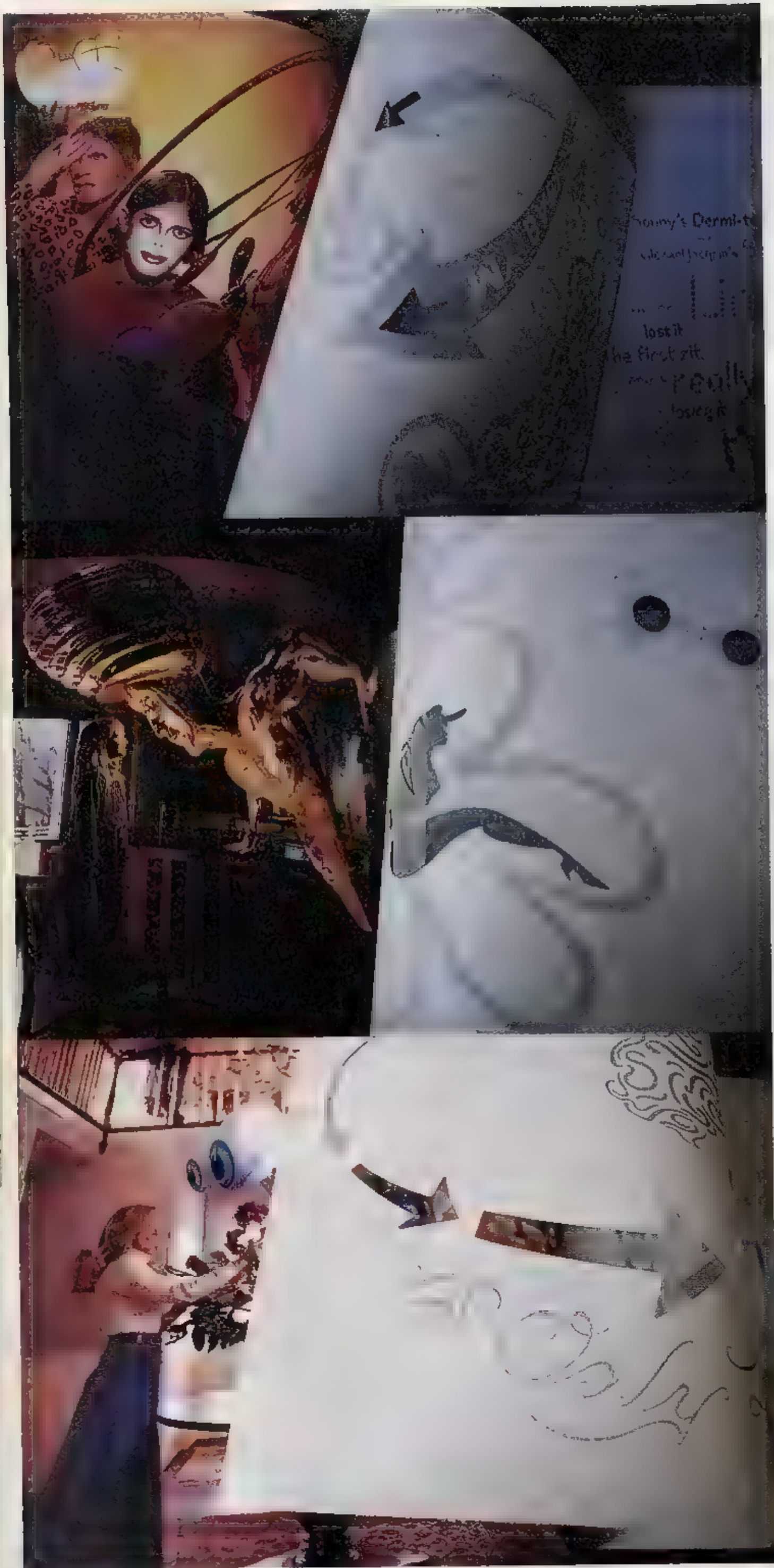
Nothing she had experienced in these two long years of sticking to screens and magazine pages could have prepared her for what she saw now. Priss shivered. As one of the many small dots inside the miasmic glow of the CRT, she could see every detail of the creatures as if they were magnified through her. She strained to find some flaw that would prove them illusory. "They are not real," she insisted aloud. Priss squirmed uncomfortably, and finally felt she couldn't proceed, could not witness the abominable proceedings any longer. She was tired, needed to feel her full-bodied self again, just until she could sort things out.

She commanded the Biorecon Transport System to "return." Nothing happened. Panicked, she spoke more forcefully, but still remained in her minute condition. She became aware that some unseen force was pinning her. Without warning, a near-vocal buzz vibrated around her. "I do not create to evaporate."

Priss blinked, trying to fit this new wrinkle with the crazy scene she witnessed. She spotted Springer and Povitch darting in and out of the crowd. Then a bolt hit her. She grasped it all, in harsh RGB neon. She could make out now that the "guests" — and anything else in view — were being plucked, twirled, bloated, and severed as they passed through the "hosts." Jerry or Maury or Sally or Ricky sped through the crowd without apparent purpose, and in an instant would freeze in the path of a running man or a flying body part. It, or worse, he, would pass through and emerge transformed. "They're like filters!" she gasped.

The victims were howling, and in their confusion flung other bodies and objects. A chair seat sailed through Jerry. It spat out like a rocket to fuse with an already deformed man who screeched at seeing the thing suddenly sprouting from his neck. Priss remembered in a flash past investigations. Meetings with talking cars and dogs, disco-dancing cybertechs, RuPaul, all of them. They seemed quaint compared to the manipulated mutants before her.

"Proprietary software," the voice intoned again. "Don't be fooled. Anything else is



Details from *The Good Life: Bliss in the Hills*, by Thirst.

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Speculations

imitation."

In choking terror, Priss felt herself slip further into awful clarity, that domain of the insane. She understood that the architect of this grisly havoc was nothing more than a trough of spectacle upon which the public fed, but that it could never have been radio. Eyes are the thing; eyes construct reality. She sputtered "The world's eyes...windows to the soul...now the soul...itself." Of all the diabolical schemes to rule the world, television had done it.

The voice responded at an ear-shattering pitch, as if the pause button had been lifted suddenly. "Reality has ceased to be. I fill your eyes with fantasy. Eye made all things possible. Un-nature be-came natural." The sound reverberated, then stopped abruptly and a palpable drone filled her tiny body. The voice lightened, as if singing a jingle, "The other, you know, that reflection of you, the one you desire, the mirror of you, that other, my pretty, has vanished, so too, will you."

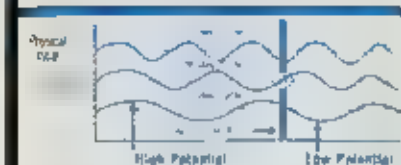
Priss couldn't deny the twisted truth of the rhyme. She watched the morbid hybrids now without fear, utterly spent. Her reality had indeed lost its reflection, and with this last moment of sickening consciousness, Priss faded into white blue mist.

(Chapter 8, pp. 209-210)

END

CHART THE INTERN'S BIO-RHYTHM

EXPLANATIONS OF A BIO-CHART



These three biological rhythm cycles start in your body at birth and continue through life. Chart two consecutive days and compare the height of your graphs to determine up or down direction in your cycle.

On the day chosen, your potential in 10 areas can be shown by the height of the bio cycles.



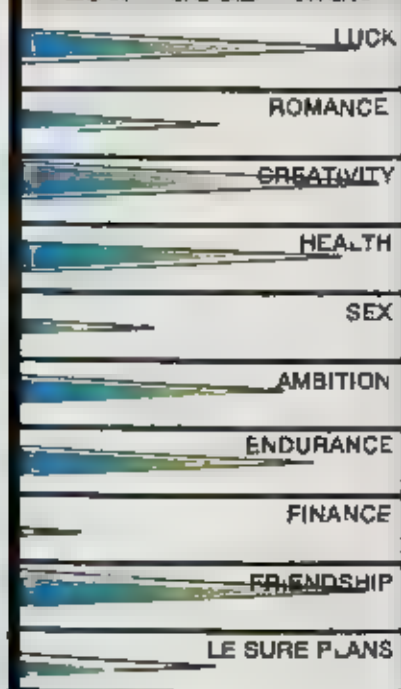
CDC (your critical day code number) shown on the front indicates when your bio cycles are CRITICAL. This occurs when they pass through zero (see fig. 1). Your body is in a "state of change" Caution in this area is advisable.

BIO-RHYTHM

TODAY TOMORROW?

Your personal bio-chart computed from your bio-rhythm cycles. High peaks on your bio-chart indicate your best potential for the day.

LOW-GOOD-HIGH



1998
1999

WALKER ART CENTER GRAPHIC DESIGN INTERNSHIP

The Walker Art Center*

a museum of contemporary art,
offers a twelve-month internship in the Design Department.
(full-time)

The INTERN will share responsibility for
designing promotional materials for
the Walker's visual arts,

performing arts,
film/video,
education, and
membership programs.

Macintosh proficiency ((Quark,
Photoshop, Illustrator))),
excellent typographic skills, and
experience with print production required.

INTEREST in contemporary arts desired.

MUST work well with clients and be able
to meet tight deadlines.

Individuals with a BFA or MFA degree in
design are invited to apply by

JUNE 30, 1998.

The salary is	\$19,000
travel stipend	\$1,000
excellent	benefits
The INTERNSHIP begins on	September 1, 1998
and concludes on	August 31, 1999.

Please submit by

June 30, 1998,
a letter of interest,
three references,
resume,
no more than 12 slides and/or
samples of printed or electronic matter
and a self-addressed stamped
envelope for the return of your
materials to:

Andrew Blauvelt
Design Director
Walker Art Center
725 Vineland Place
Minneapolis, MN
55404-0001
USA

AA/EOE/W/M/H

RUST BELT

An Interview With Kristina Meyer and Matthew Fey of Orangeflux

"Orangeflux is an independent graphic label, not merely a design studio in the traditional sense. Our objective is to broaden the scope of graphic design to encompass artistic expression. In graphic design today, personal vision is seldom tolerated. Selling often overshadows creativity, producing a lifeless shell of words on paper. We feel graphic design should inspire and entertain, not just sell. These expressionistic qualities form the foundation for comparing Orangeflux design to music. Few other art forms can captivate, excite and evoke a response the way music can. Design should also display these characteristics. Orangeflux has been born to further integrate elements of music and art with our design vision. Historically, the line between art and design has often been blurred. It is the modern perception of graphic design as an informational and utilitarian service that isolates these disciplines. Orangeflux bridges the gap between the two, bringing the tradition of art back to the designer."

Liner notes from *Rust Belt*.

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Orangeflux

Book, packaging and poster, *Rust Belt*, by Orangeflux.



Emigre: Tell me about your company, Orangeflux. Is it just the two of you?

Kristina Meyer: At this point, Orangeflux is just the two of us, although we do collaborate with other people. We both have jobs outside of Orangeflux, as well. I have a part time position as a creative director for a small studio.

Matthew Fey: And I'm currently working as a designer in a large corporation producing benefits and marketing collateral. Between the two of us we have some 15 years of professional graphic design experience.

Kristina: Orangeflux was formed at the end of 1996, which is when we started our first project, *Rust Belt*. We're working towards the goal of doing this full time. Orangeflux is what we call a graphic label, much like a recording label, but instead of audio we release visual recordings. We also plan to do client-based graphic design work, although we see Orangeflux as an umbrella under which we can do many different things, not just graphic design.

Matt: There are so many possibilities; it's an exciting time to be a graphic designer. Unfortunately we have to finance our self-initiated projects, the work we really enjoy, by doing some unsatisfying graphic design. We understand that this is a part of the profession, but it can get rather depressing at times.

I visited your web site yesterday and I noticed a lot of unhappiness expressed about the state of graphic design. What disappoints you the most about the profession?

Matt: The unhappiness comes mostly from me; Kristina seems fairly happy with her job. I have to make money, and I do so in a corporate setting. I am bound by the professional idea of serving the client and being a tool to get the client's goods sold or their ideas communicated. This is very different from the experience of many of the designers I read about in *Emigre*, for instance - those who work for cultural institutions seem to have more freedom to express themselves on behalf of their employer.

Did you attend design school?

Matt: Yes.

Were you given a different notion of what design was all about?

Kristina: I think so. I went to Virginia Commonwealth University. It was a very creative setting where conceptual thinking and problem-solving were emphasized. Client control was not a major focus. I know that there is a lot of design work out there that isn't as confining, but the clients that I've run across have been fairly controlling about the product they want. Not that I blame them because, obviously, they're paying for it. Of course, this may change when we build up our own client base at Orangeflux. We hope to attract clients that are seeking creative solutions.

Wasn't design explained to you as something that is subservient to the client's messages, ideas and communications?

Matt: I went to Southern Illinois University, which isn't really known for its design program. They were teaching us to

Dear Emigre,

Students doing graphic design nowadays just don't make it a point to read up on design-related books and magazines. They only go through design annuals when they need research materials or ideas.

I'm not sure how it is overseas, but in Singapore, not many design students try to absorb information. They sit in front of their computers everyday to do their work not actually taking the time to read up, as they feel that design students do not need to "study" or "read."

Moreover, time schedules are tight, not allowing students to do more

conceptualizing. Lecturers do not seem to educate students on the need to enrich themselves with more information and what goes on in and around the world of design. I feel suffocated as a student here in Singapore. My aim is to study and then work overseas after I get my diploma here at home, but I am also afraid of the "culture shock."

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Orangeflux

Students are often conventional in thinking and do not give designers much credit for their work. They treat designers merely as "mouse-pushers," and do not like to hear our ideas, or heed them.

I think people need more education in design!

Medina Chen, Singapore

cut rubylith and use press type, so I was completely out of touch with the needs of the profession at the time. What attracted me to graphic design were the things I found in a textbook by Phil Meggs, one of Kristina's professors at VCU, called *The History of Graphic Design*. The "ists" and "isms" of design, the work of Kurt Schwitters and El Lissitzky and all the funky little booklets and manifestos they created, were very exciting and influential to me. That's what I wanted to do. While there was talk about the position of the client, we were given a certain amount of freedom to explore personal design directions. I learned a lot from my professors, yet when I got out of school, I quickly realized that I was only going to be hired if I knew Quark. Once I learned to operate a computer, I was stuck in a corner to do art-directed layouts, and not much else was expected from me. So that was a disappointment. But I thought of it as a dues-paying period, something I had to go through to get to the next stage. After several different design jobs, I figured out that working for somebody else's studio was far less satisfying than doing my own work. As a result, we embarked upon the path of OrangeFlux. Before that I did a project called *Muse*, which was a self-published piece like *Rust Belt*. I've always tried to remain involved in what I believe graphic design is all about.

Now that you do your own projects, and you know how difficult it is to produce and distribute them and make them work financially, do you have more respect for your clients and their concerns and conservative thinking when it comes to putting a project together?

Kristina: In producing *Rust Belt*, we did feel the challenge of taking a risk, since we personally financed the piece. But now that it is completed, we are glad we took a chance on something we believed in. The satisfaction of creating this recording was immediate. And the feedback we've gotten since then has made it all worthwhile. I believe that clients would also realize benefits from taking some risks.

Matt: I respect their desire to increase their bottom line, or whatever their particular agenda is for entering into an agreement with a designer. They use the designer to sell their product, company, event, etc. I respect that, and that's what graphic design traditionally does — serve the client. We are looking to be more of a partner in the process, rather than just a servant. Beyond that, we are interested in selling graphic design as product itself.

Is *Rust Belt* doing this for you?

Kristina: We completed it at the end of last summer. Since then, we've been spending a lot of time developing our web site which, among other things, we hope to use to sell *Rust Belt*. We're really just getting into the marketing of it at this point, so it's yet to be seen how well it will do. The responses we've gotten so far have been positive, but we have to get it out there to our market.

Matt: That's been a major obstacle to overcome. We realized going into this that there is not an existing market for visual recordings.

Dear Emigre,

The introductory remarks in issue 45 struck a chord and echoed some recent (and not so recent) personal conversations. Here are a few comments.

I don't pretend that these ideas are inherently valuable or insightful, but I submit them humbly for your review.

I'm not sure that the phenomenon is merely a funk associated with the staleness of decay/deconstructivist design (a variation of Dada called "DeDe," perhaps?). It seems that the sensation is a more ubiquitous malaise associated with an awareness of an irreversible critical mass in all aspects of a culture that design historically and necessarily heralds.

Present-day design reflects a macrosociety in which the algalization of All-That-Has-Gone-Before (or any component thereof) is acceptable as genre. That is, there is nothing that is not the genre. What we are seeing contains, but is not limited to, decay and is more accurately the visual

OrangeFlux

representation of our self-consuming hybrid culture. Ultimately, this is an entropic system which leads to the conclusion that wholly new ideas in design must occur simultaneously with new technologies (in the most general sense) and the associated expansion of visual and verbal vocabulary. When no new territory is left — when there is no more "edge" — new territory must be created.

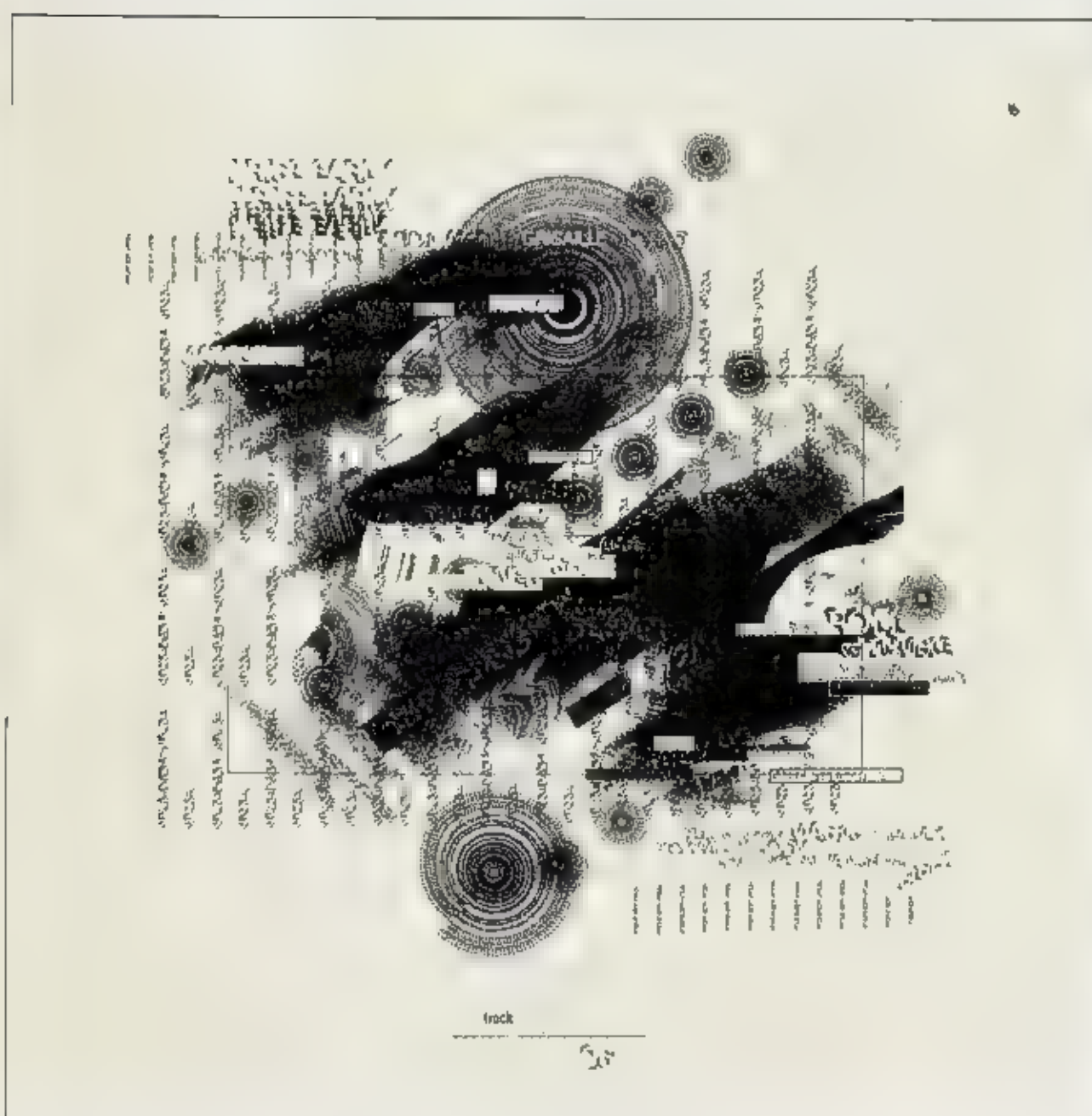
Which leads me to the point that among all this entropy and consumption there is more opportunity, more need, than ever for creativity and optimism. It is a wonderful time to be an artist.

We must also keep in mind that while innovation and even aspects of genius occur in all forms, it is a dubious enterprise to speak of visual design in terms of being "safe" or "dangerous," unless we are speaking of the potential of the substrate to inflict a paper cut or the monitor to fry our eyes. That notwithstanding, it is wonderful to have a place where these ideas are freely exchanged and where the accompanying emotions may be unabashedly displayed. Keep up the good work.

Kind regards,

Ash Arnett, Merge Design, Atlanta, GA

Single pages from *Rust Belt*, by OrangeFlux.



You don't think that the world of graphic designers itself is exactly your market?

Kristina: It is, but it remains difficult to advertise something that has not been done before.

How do you imagine people experiencing *Rust Belt*? In your descriptions you point out many parallels that exist between design and music, and you speak of *Rust Belt* as being recorded, and you refer to the pages as tracks and all that, but ultimately the parallel stops. Looking at a book of visuals is quite different than listening to music. You can't dance to visuals, for instance. What do you hope people will get out of it?

Kristina: I imagine somebody cracking open the package, putting on their favorite tunes and just getting into it. Like with a song, meaning and emotions will reveal themselves slowly or quickly, depending on the individual, so it might require a couple of passes for someone to really "get it." Although the song is taken in with the eyes rather than the ears, for me, the process is similar. It's music for the eyes.

Matt: Right. I don't agree that the parallels between design and music have an ultimate stopping point; there are just different experiences to consider. Because a person can't dance to a certain type of music doesn't make the music invalid; it just might elicit a different response. We designed *Rust Belt* because it is something we wanted to see produced, something that we would buy. And if you ask if it is a success, I feel it is very much a success because it's been made real. And beyond that, I'm all for selling it, but just having it for ourselves is rewarding.

How many did you produce?

Kristina: 468 of the limited edition letterpress package, and a run of 1,000 of the recording itself.

Now that you have Orangeflux and have completed a project like *Rust Belt* that you can stand behind 100%, is it even more difficult to go to your regular jobs everyday at nine o'clock?

Kristina: Some days it is, but other days it actually helps me work. I can let the client have more control, because I know I have my own creative outlets. So in many ways it has made me a better designer.

Matt: There often exists a separation within graphic design between the agendas of the client and the designer. When I started out, for instance, I often forced myself to get a good portfolio piece, perhaps at the expense of the client. On the other hand, if I just give in to their wishes completely, it makes me feel like I'm not doing my job. What is my role here? They hire me as a design consultant, but ultimately they end up doing what they want to do. My role is reduced to being just a facilitator of their process, the guy who works behind the magic box.

I've always been intrigued by how the recording industry fosters creativity. They encourage individuals to make a product of creative expression, called a recording. It allows people to compete in an established marketplace, and there's

Dear Emigre,
Graphic designers sleep naked.
Laura Forde, Gary Koepke,
Wieden & Kennedy, New York, NY

a value to their creativity. Whereas in design, creativity is often demonized.

That's because design is not the ultimate product. The way you like to look at design, is how most people look at fine art. If you're looking for a marketplace to compete in with your creativity, there's quite a world out there to explore.

Kristina: But when we show *Rust Belt* within the art community they'll tell us it's not art, it's design. They can't see beyond the type. We chose to use type as image and to them that makes it graphic design. And we believe there's room within the scope of design to include creative products.

Matt: We've taken it to galleries but they're not interested. I think it's also because the recording is in book form, which makes it difficult for galleries to show.

What have you done so far to promote it besides putting it on your web site?

Matt: We've given it to friends and people we admire or respect, whose influence has driven us to get to this point. There's been a lot of ups and downs in that process. We send it to people and are all anxious to hear any sort of response, and sometimes we get some response and sometimes we don't. The silence is very frustrating. Ed Fella has been really supportive and even submitted a little "Fellapart" to the project. Ed's been a great inspiration - to extend the music analogy - like Muddy Waters was an inspiration to the Rolling Stones. It was cool to be able to incorporate a piece of his work into our own. So there have been moral victories along the way.

Kristina: We've also been touring with *Rust Belt*. Last fall we went to Seattle and Portland and to the AIGA conference in New Orleans. We showed *Rust Belt* to various people to get a kind of word of mouth thing happening about the project and our site.

What did you think of the AIGA conference?

Kristina: I enjoyed what it was all about. I thought there was an interesting mix of speakers and events - from environmental design to letterpress. And, of course, the region's tradition of jazz and down-home cooking really made for a great atmosphere. Overall, it was encouraging that there was an emphasis on the creative side of design.

Matt: Yes, and I thought that it was pretty cool that they had a panel on fanzine publishers.

What can designers learn from zinesters?

Matt: The best thing about that for me is the whole DIY mentality. Here are some people who are passionate about their work and are just putting it out there.

Do you feel that this self-initiated, Do-It-Yourself mentality is starting to become more prevalent in design?

Kristina: I do. A lot of designers we know here in Chicago are doing their own projects now. They're getting a lot more satisfaction out of that than from work done in a corporate setting. The next step is to have an arena in which to show the work. We're hoping our site can help people who have created products by providing a kind of on-line gallery for music-art-design-literature expressions.

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Orangeflux

Matt: I think it is important to look for other outlets for graphic design. We're not proposing that this is the only way design should be practiced. But certainly, if more designers were initiating their own projects, that would create a marketplace to compete in. It is important for people not to be frustrated and to maybe use their creativity to figure out what else they can do. Sure, we are graphic designers, but we think that the definition of design should be flexible enough to encompass many forms.

EAL

Dear Emigre,
First off, I love all you boys and girls, super magazine, and font collection! I've known about Emigre magazine for 2 or 3 years now - through design annuals and what not, but have never actually found a place to buy a copy. My first issue I ever got my hands on was #38. Great issue!!! I have all issues since then. I have always wanted to see #29, #31, #33, #36 and #37, but could never find them. I recently got a new job at Duffy Design in Minneapolis, and guess what I found in the type directors office - almost every issue of Emigre!!! A dream come true.
Thanks. Keep up the great work.
Joe Kral, Internet

PICKS

Consider this my personal take on the wonderful world of Punk fanzines. I do not claim to know the entire history of the genre; let's leave that to someone else. I do know that the Punk scene has some very articulate and interesting writers. As an avid zine reader and longtime participant in the Punk music scene, I believe that Punk zines are an important link between the theory and everyday practice of Punk. It is inspiring to see people writing and publishing, not for monetary gain, but for self-expression. In my opinion, the movement peaked in the early 1990s, yet some of the best zines have continued on, with good results. Even today, the genre is awash in titles. To the first time reader, the selection is confusing. Therefore, I want to point out a few of the very best.

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Picks by Ella Cross

The best Punk zines share the ability to tell a story well and the belief that fact is much better than fiction. While I would not like to be the sucker who tried to define Punk, I will say that it involves having an irreverent view of things and does not involve buying into the corporate/suburban/status quo world view. Or, as was suggested to me, it involves "mischief and booze."

For every well written zine, it seems like there are 100 awful, ugly ones written by 14 year olds who complain too much. But that's part of the beauty of the Punk scene; everybody can make a contribution. Just like anything else, the reader must separate the good from the bad.

These zines are seldom for profit in the conventional sense. Just covering costs is a rarity. Instead, they are created out of nothing, by creative young dishwashers, train hoppers, nomads, cafe workers, etc. It is predominately a young person's art form. Since there are no rules when publishing your own work, these zines reflect the total creative control of the artist/writer.

Design plays a role in Punk zines, but not design of the "art school" variety. This is a self-taught and to some, a naive, expression of graphic design. The content is more important than the "look" of the zine. A common preconception is that a zine has to look like a xeroxed mess to be Punk. This is not the case, although if a zine is so slick as to cross the line into "magazine" territory, it is not Punk. Advertising is accepted in a few of the larger publications, but certainly not of the corporate variety. The refusal to accept this type of patronage is important because it really lets the larger Punk zine support its own scene by only accepting small independent advertisers. The best zines are informal, yet legible and entirely engrossing. Some are in journal format and most have a wry sense of humor.

In the world of zines I see roughly two camps: small non-music zines and the big music zines. In the former category, some really good ones are: *Cometbus*, *Dishwasher*, *Jerk*, *Murder Can Be Fun*, *Teenage Gang Debs*, *Dish Queen*, *Mudflap* and *Front Porch*. Most of these zines are created by a single person (or a small group). They encompass a wide variety of subject matter, but all are great reading.

COMETBUS is in its 15th year of production. It is written by Aaron Cometbus, of Berkeley, California. Issue No. 38 is another installment of his intensely personal and always fascinating zine. It really must be read to be appreciated. Basically, you get to read about the things that happen to him on his travels around the US. Much of his writing involves his home town. He writes about how hard it is to live in the same place for 20+ years, knowing each crack in the sidewalk and how it can make you feel like you'll explode. Perhaps this is what drives him to travel so extensively. He is a philosopher, and a good one at that. He explores his own truce with the inevitable changes in his home town and how this effects a type of truce within him.

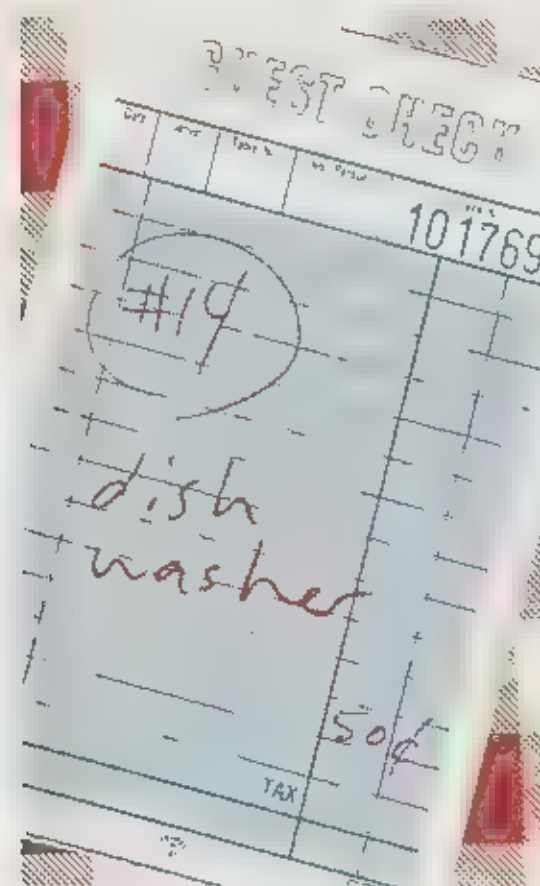
"I went around late at night with Lenny, talking endlessly about feeling out of place, about wasted potential, about the comic sense of things not adding up right. We walked over the cobblestones, through the yellowy light, that brief autumny light right before dusk that feels like a memory, warm and dusty and sentimental. In most towns there might be twenty minutes of it in a day, but here it was 24 hours. The air was charged with restless energy that swelled up inside you, taking your imagination for a joyride. Making you believe anything was possible, then driving you straight off a cliff." Excerpted from "Every Little Thing," *Cometbus* issue No. 38, Aaron Cometbus.

DISHWASHER is written by "Dishwasher Pete," currently of New York City. Its motto: "One guy, fifty states, lots of dishes, plenty of time" about sums it up. It is consistently interesting reading. Mr. Pete travels around the country washing dishes with the fierce pride of a true dishwasher. In issue No. 14, besides the stories about looking for and finding work in the big city, there is a great piece about Mr. Pete's actual "appearance" on *The Late Show* with David Letterman. He also does a well researched piece on dishwasher strikes in NYC, prior to the passage of modern labor laws. The design is good and on the whole, very entertaining.

MURDER CAN BE FUN is written by Mr. John Marr of San Francisco, California. Each issue deals with a different topic that relates to the title. This issue, No. 16, focuses on zoo deaths. Mr. Marr has researched zoo deaths within the last 90 years for this issue. He manages to craft the sometimes brief news blurbs that have been preserved into very funny stuff. With story headings like "Elephant v.s. Hippo" and photo captions like "Lioness looking for

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Dicks



teenagers," it is always fun to read. The stories are non-fiction and Mr. Marr's commentary is well thought out and witty.

"Oddly enough, one seldom reads of internecine slaughter among the animals themselves. Whether this is due to selective reporting (dog bites dog, ho hum) or the greater success zoos have at keeping animals apart versus keeping people out is hard to say." MCBF No. 16, John Marr.

JERK is written by "Archbishop" David Smith, of Sacramento, California. This zine is representative of the smaller, less professional zines available regionally throughout the US. In it, Mr. Smith asks readers to "order now, before I die the violent death that is undoubtably coming to me." It is a pocket-sized zine about a lot of weird stuff that happens to Mr. Smith and the trouble he so efficiently gets himself into. All of the stories are non-fiction. In this issue, titled: "Tonight's episode," there are true stories of things an emergency room nurse has had to remove from people's posteriors, stories about Mr. Smith being a jerk, almost being beat to a pulp by an exconvict and the strange office habits of an eccentric Boeing engineer. Basically, you get to know Mr. Smith and his world. When you couple his bad attitude with his writing style, you've got yourself some good reading.

"Something about being in my own driveway made me act like more of an asshole than I usually am to guys who want to beat the bejesus outta me. Usually when I start fights with large guys, I have an escape route all mapped out." Jerk No. 33, David Smith.

On the other side of the Punk zine comp, we have the larger magazines that are predominantly music-oriented. These magazines are sometimes for profit, sometimes volunteer-staffed. The main players are **MAXIMUMROCKNROLL**, **Punk Planet** and **Flipside**. It is difficult to decide whether these are "zines" or magazines. They are on the edge due to size, manpower and advertising.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL, first printed in 1982, is totally nonprofit. All contributions are donated and all production work is volunteer. It is the oldest and most established of the music-oriented zines. It is proudly newsprint after all these years and runs about 90 pages. Current circulation is 10,000 worldwide. Its look is easily identified as punk, with lots of cut out letterforms and very DIY graphic design. It serves its purpose as the *de facto* voice of the San Francisco/Bay Area Punk music scene, since its readers are its writers, artists, designers, etc... **MRR** has always provided a valuable place to discuss issues relevant to the scene. They usually have good columns, but the band reviews seldom get me interested anymore. Perhaps I'm getting old. **MRR** is the most readily available of the Punk zines in the US. It has probably inspired more people to be involved in

Murder Can Be Fun

#18 \$2.00

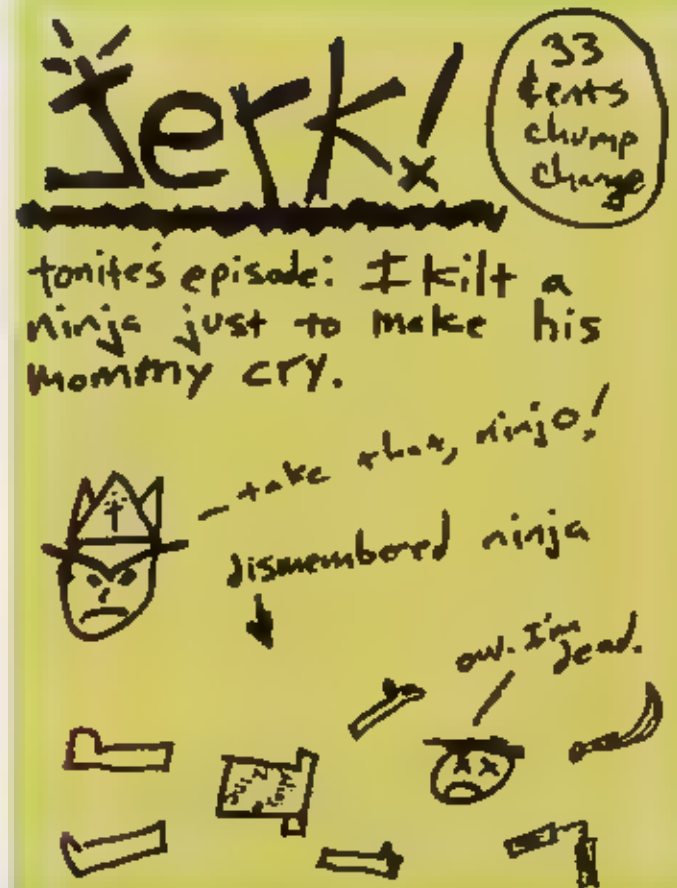


Yoo hoo, Mr. Bear!

ZOO DEATHS

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Dicks

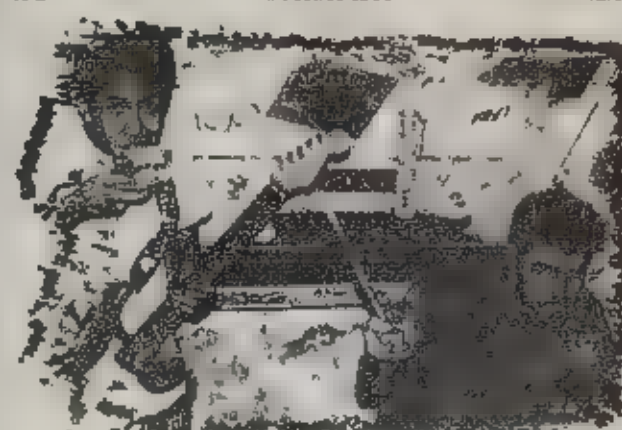


MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#173

October 1997

#100



WHO SAYS PUNKS
CAN'T TALK AND
CHEW GUM AT THE
SAME TIME?!

Punk than any other zine. All profits are used to support the running of the zine and excess is donated to other nonprofit projects, such as the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic. It is about Punk Rock in practice, not just theory.

PUNK PLANET was founded by Dan Sinker, of Chicago, Illinois, in 1994. Within three issues, this zine reached a healthy distribution for a zine other than *MRR*. Although it was influenced by *MRR*, it quickly grew to find its own style. *Punk Planet* is the most attractive of the large music zines and is now sporting a full color cover. *PP* always manages to interview interesting bands, write good columns and review bunches of records. The latest issue, No. 24, is solely devoted to art and design. There isn't a bit of music journalism in the issue. I really enjoyed the interviews with collage artist Winston Smith, photographer Crissy Piper, and designer Art Chantry. It is a neat zine, more intellectually oriented than the others. The folks at *PP* are punk even if some of them went to art school, living proof that Punkers can survive a formal education, even if school sucks.

As you can see, the world of Punk fanzines is a varied one. Interesting people creating interesting reading. That's it! Now I entreat you to go out and buy some of these fine publications, or better yet, why not create one of your own?

END

Cometbus
P.O. Box 4279, Berkeley, CA 94704

Dishwasher
P.P. Box 8213, Portland, OR 97207

Murder Can Be Fun
P.O. Box 640111, San Francisco, CA 94164

Jerk
P.O. Box 641711, Frisco, CA 94164

MAXIMUMROCKANDROLL
P.O. Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146

Punk Planet
P.O. Box 464, Chicago, IL 60690

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Dicks



Designed by Volumeone.

OPEN LETTER

The following open letter was sent to us by Lene Osberg, Stewart Greenway, Will Nice, Jutta Ottman, and Mike Pratt, five final year students who are producing the promotional publication accompanying the 1998 BA Graphics and Media Design degree show at the London College of Printing.

Instead of producing the established "one-page-per-student" catalog format, the students decided to create a more enduring "book" approach. This book, though still based around the display of graduating student design work, will contain written pieces from a range of contributors who were invited to respond to a central article written by the students.

The article, which was sent to design practitioners, educators and students around the world, covers key issues concerning today's graphic design students and their education. While the March 18 deadline for submissions for the publication has passed, we felt the article was worthy of publication by itself. The students would still appreciate any comments you might have.

atomic1@linst.ac.uk

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Open Letter

In the current era of uncertainty, the turbulence created by graphic design's last big splash seems little more than a ripple. With the energy of New Wave becoming less potent each year, there remains as yet no significant signposts to point the way forward. It seems that the search for new leading lights is too heavily focused within an industry that is either fascinated with superficial bandwagons or preoccupied with milking personal success for its kudos.

It is perhaps this narrow curiosity and lack of sincere introspection that has contributed more than anything else to its apparent lack of innovation and progress. It would appear that the industry as a whole does not fully appreciate that graphic design as a medium stands to benefit from an increased awareness and understanding of its own cultural potential. During the BA degree show season, another batch of technically appropriate graduates is poured out onto the market.

Given that each year supply exceeds demand, the competition in an unexpanding and uncertain business becomes more and more a cause for concern. The degree show itself, traditionally the first introduction between student and industry, is a far cry from the springboard it is idealistically thought to be by some. As students and lecturers alike consider industrial visitors to be perhaps the most important guests, it is important that industry ceases to view shows as an annual "skimming." To merely see shows as the opportunity to acquire the most suitable graduates or even as the opportunity to loot fresh minds is an abuse of what should really be treated as the chance to establish and develop ongoing relationships with students and courses. As more and more students speak of positioning themselves outside the commercial parameters of the industry, it becomes clear that industry is failing to actively give a voice to certain areas of graphic design and research.

However, the blame cannot be placed on the industry alone. The strongest influence on tomorrow's graphic designer must

surely be their experiences within education. Even despite the absence of the effects of commercial and practical pressures on student development, the perceived parameters of graphic design within many colleges remains disappointingly narrow. The problem is the same lack of vision that it shares with the industry. The limited and outmoded notions of graphic design are the result of years of industrial understating. Colleges have, perhaps with good intention responded with courses that produce graduates to industrial specifications. To assume that the minds of design students should be laden with the same commercial and practical baggage that weighs down the industry is to overlook the needs of the real customer. This assumption does not recognize the expectations of the student as being more important than those of the industry. Assuming that the vast majority of the industry is still primarily concerned with technical skills, college courses are conditioning their students to fit within this environment. For many this is probably the most suitable form of education. However, to assume that this approach is suitable for all students is clearly failing to recognize the need for guidance and encouragement that education must provide to maximize the potential for original and individual development in those working toward alternative outcomes.

Colleges encumbered by their own reputations seem to have little or no desire to change the repetition of each successive year's intake. So strong is the tendency towards "house styles" that the structures of many leading courses are effectively polarized to the point where they are producing graduates working with an entirely underdeveloped appreciation of graphic design as a medium. Students are increasingly being accepted on the basis of how well they fit within a college's established design ideal or even for the financial value of their custom. Bulging under the strain of record intakes, the financial concerns of colleges are now beginning to clearly show. Courses are increasingly managed like businesses, with crucial posts occupied by corporate-climbers and the institutionally numb.

There is clearly much to be done if students, industry, education and graphic design itself are to start benefiting from the largely unmotivated reserve of potential. The initiative must be taken by those with the most opportunities to instigate change. Colleges should be taking the lead and fully exploiting the flexibility of their position to initiate a greater degree of investigation that looks beyond the spectrum of traditional industrial limitations. The broad brush currently being used to shape today's students should be recognized as a wholly inappropriate tool for modern design courses. Individual needs and aspirations should have the opportunity to develop in accordance with their course structures rather than despite them. Course leaders must be the first to examine the health of their courses in light of new design issues and respond with new structures that pursue more creative and original investigation. Graphic design education must purge its

Dear Emigre,
I was recently reminded how much I like Emigre. I came to this (again) while reading the text of the magazine, not browsing the pictures. I'm not sure whether or not that's ironic, but I think it might be.
Gory Jaeger, Core Studio, Internet

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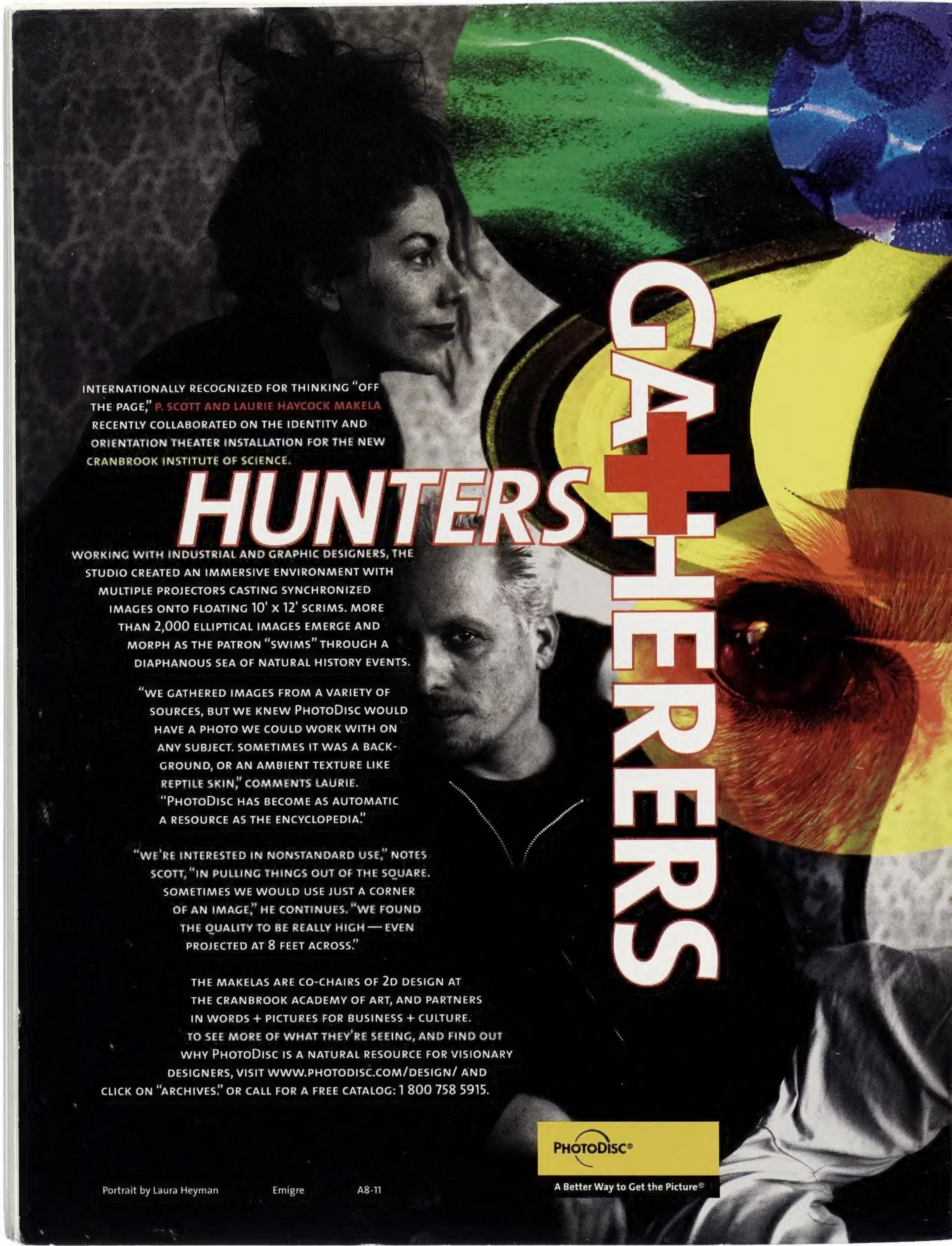
Open Letter

outdated doctrines by opening its doors and its mind to the acceptance and encouragement of ideas that would have previously been considered irrelevant or inappropriate. The benefits from a broad-minded education would filter from student to college via the degree show. The college would benefit from a more flexible and complete reputation, which would attract attention from both applicants and industrial visitors.

Industry would benefit in that the broadening of professional design attitudes would expand the market and make room for the involvement of so many fresh ideas that it currently excludes. The clear lack of vision demonstrated by the vast majority of those involved with graphic design, whether it is through industry or education, has stunted its growth and thereby their own. It should be the job of everyone involved to put pressure on those around them to examine and realize the potential for improvement in all areas of graphic design. Industry and education should be working more closely to ensure that the kind of graduates being produced are not merely competent technicians, but those with the vision and curiosity to keep graphic design moving forward and the market healthy.



[****]



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	Prepress/Printing	Software/Hardware/Electronics	Other: _____			
How many people are in your company?	1-5	6-25	26-100	101-500	500+	
In which department do you work?	Design/Creative Services		MIS	Legal	Manufacturing	Public Relations Sales
	Marketing/Marcom		Printing	Purchasing	Customer Service	Accounting Training
	Web Development		Other: _____			
How many designers are in your department?	1-5	6-10	11-15	16-20	20+	
Who is your primary design audience?	In house	Clients/Prospects	Both			
How much of your photography comes from:	Selections should total 100%					
Traditional stock (transparencies)	0%	25%	50%	75%	100%	
Custom commercial photography	0%	25%	50%	75%	100%	
Royalty-free digital photography on CD-ROM or from the web	0%	25%	50%	75%	100%	
Other	0%	25%	50%	75%	100%	
How much do you spend annually on stock photography?	\$0-300	\$301-1,000	\$1,001-3,000	\$3,001-10,000	\$10,000+	
What type of photographic imagery do you use most often?	Sports and Games		Business and Industry	Social Issues and Government		Abstracts
	Food and Beverage		Lifestyles and Culture	Medical and Healthcare		Agriculture
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3

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Door occasionally sticks, entrapping occupants - see bumper stickers

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